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The Nation

December 23, 1978 $1

EDITORIAL

THE TENNESSEE WALTZ

I was dancing
With my darling
To the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend
I happened to see
Introduced him
To my loved one
And while they were waltzing
*My friend stole my sweetheart from me**

The most depressing development at the Democrats' midterm convention in Memphis, Tenn., in early December was the reflexive assumption of the President's men that its purpose should be a celebration of Carter's leadership, the promotion of his program, such as it is, rather than an open thrashing out of the issues that divide the party and indeed the country.

According to advance plans, the President would welcome and address the delegates on Friday night; then on Saturday he would pay *pro forma* visits to some of the issues panels, all stacked with sympathetic panelists. On Sunday the delegates would endorse the President's program and disperse.

In anticipation of votes on policy resolutions brought to the floor by petition (on health care, energy policy and inflation) background briefing sheets would be passed out to sympathetic delegates, telling them how to vote and what to say (for example, the minority plank calling for no cuts in essential human and social services in the 1980 budget, advised the poop sheet, tied the President's hands").

Since there was no real business to transact, potential challengers for the

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*From "The Tennessee Waltz." Written by Red Stewart & Pee Wee King. Reprinted with permission of Acaff Rose Publications Inc. ©1948.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ROUNDUP

Robert Lekachman

Alan Wolfe

Hayden Carruth and Others

Lawrence Alloway
ART BOOKS

'SAUDI VENEZUELA'
Penny Lernoux

WHY I QUIT CONGRESS
Rep. Michael J. Harrington

LYNDON'S 'EYES ONLY' COMMITTEE
Richard Dudman

CARTER'S BENCH

RUSH TO JUDGESHIPS

DOROTHY J. SAMUELS and JAMES A. GOODMAN

The creation of 152 new federal judgeships by the recently enacted Omnibus Judgeship Act presents the Carter administration with an unprecedented opportunity to broaden and upgrade the composition of the federal judiciary.

When to these new judgeships, which will expand the federal bench by almost a third, are added the vacancies that normally occur each year, the total is truly startling: by 1980 President Carter will have chosen close to 300 federal judges.

The appointments made by the President this coming year—and the processes used for selection—are certain to bear pro-

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JUDGESHIP PROJECT

With this article, Dorothy Samuels and James Goodman of the Committee for Public Justice begin a series of reports for *The Nation* on the selection of the 152 new federal judges to be appointed under the recently signed Omnibus Judgeship Act.

These reports will incorporate information from a network of regional correspondents in civil rights and civil liberties groups, and from social activists and journalists across the country. Readers of *The Nation* are invited to participate by sending local newspaper clippings or personal observations on federal judgeship candidates to the Committee for Public Justice, 22 East 40 St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

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LETTERS.

MEDICAID ABORTIONS

New York City

In your excellent issue on the New Right [Oct. 14] Adam Clymer ("Congress Doesn't Dance,") says there has been no decrease in abortion. In fact, in the twenty-one states sampled by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare after the Hyde Amendment went into effect, abortions paid for by Medicaid dropped 95%. *Jane O'Reilly*

SCIENTOLOGY, UNEDITED

New York City

Carey McWilliams's commentary [*The Nation*, Oct. 14] on Scientology was clearly narrow-minded and the manifestation of ignorance personified. While I will not argue the fact that Scientology is controversial, it must be disputed that much of the points McWilliams attempted to make were ill-founded and apparently well-grounded in fear of the unknown.

His reliance on the slipshod reporting of two *Los Angeles Times* journalists—whose sole purpose was to discredit through sly innuendos and misleading out-of-context statements—raises serious doubts in my mind about his integrity. He grinds the ax "quoting" from an assortment of government inquiries all of which were prompted by the effectiveness of Scientology with respect to alleviating psychosomatic conditions. McWilliams's blind hatred obscured any mention of the efforts taken by Scientologists to bring about some kind of order in society before we all go up in smoke.

McWilliams's bias is his prerogative, but I should take a moment to point out what some of those things innate to Scientology are. It began in 1950 with one book that attracted considerable attention overnight and rose to *The New York Times* best-seller list and stayed there twenty-two weeks. When Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard wrote this book—*Dianetics, the Modern Science of Mental Health*—I don't think he envisioned the incredible intelligence effort that would be waged to destroy him and the subject's reputation. Shortly after publication date, a former OSS and undercover FBI agent (C. Parker Morgan) advised the formation of a research foundation. This same Mr. Morgan would later advise that the group was somehow being subverted by Communists and was subversive. Just who recruited these Commies was never made known. FBI interest grew stronger and today (after twenty-eight years) the interest has taken on new color when 134 agents smashed their way into church offices in search of 16 documents they say were the property of the government. After twenty-two hours of perusal in Scientology legal files and so on, they carted off 100,000 pages. Most were quietly returned later.

It didn't end with the FBI in the early '50s. . .but noooooone Air Force, the Army, the Coast Guard, DEA, DIA, CIA, and ad nauseum all started their own little (or big) files on Scientology. Today, through the Freedom of Information Act, we have begun to isolate reasons why individual Scientologists have in some cases been treated like outcasts regarded with suspicion by some government bureaucrats. These so-called intelligence files are, as former CIA agent Victor Marchetti wrote, the reflection of "government paranoia" and sloppy. I've read a good many and were it not for the fact that they have been circulated all over the world (resulting in additional denial of rights), I would laugh. Instead I feel pity toward a crumbling bureaucracy that is now so large that it can't tell when the one hand is trying to stab itself in the back.

McWilliams failed to notice that we are hardly one of those movements that sits back and waits for its turn in the arena. Oh no. No way by no possibility is this movement a turn-the-other-cheek religion. We deplore violence. L. Ron Hubbard's warning in 1951 that the possibility of undoing the effects of what he then called pain-drug hypnosis (see *Operation Mind Control* by W.A. Bowart) was very conceivable with Dianetic counseling, must have caused a summit war council meeting by the CIA mind-controllers to come up with some kind of "final solution" to "neutralize" Scientology.

Pity, McWilliams missed the point that "only the truth shall set you free" is the main thrust of Scientology's philosophy and that in practice this carries over to society. I can agree with him however that investigative journalism needs an uplift. I would qualify it by adding that an honest approach by writers who make known facts about those things proven menacing to our society (such as government corruption and waste or outright treason in the FBI, GSA, etc.) should be emphasized. Sure it may be fashionable to speculate on new or not-easily understood movements and express one's fears about them, but meanwhile a glance over to City Hall will reveal that the house is burning down and government officials of dubious moral fiber are fanning the flames.

Ron Haugen, President,
The Church of Scientology of N.Y.

TOWERS WILL TOPPLE

Minneapolis, Minn.

We here in Minnesota who are resisting the United Power Association and Cooperative Power Association (UPA-CPA) power line across the state's farmland are extremely grateful to Hank Nuwer for his strong and comprehensive article on the situation ["Minnesota Peasants' Revolt," *The Nation*, Dec. 9]. However, there were a couple of inaccuracies serious enough to warrant comment.

Electricity conveyed over that line was never intended for Minneapolis. In fact, most of it was never designed to serve Minnesotans at all. UPA-CPA is a member of the Mid-Continent Area Power Pool (MAPP) which exchanges power throughout the upper Midwest. As of last summer, estimates of peak demands within the area serviced by UPA-CPA—including its vastly inflated growth projections—were for something like 900 megawatts. MAPP already has a reserve generating capacity of 9,500 megawatts, ten time UPA-CPA's total need. In effect, UPA-CPA would be elevated from a small utility to a mass marketer within MAPP.

That's where the co-ops stand to make money and exercise influence, and that's where their hopes have lain all along.... More and more it appears that what's really critical about the "energy crisis" is the blatant and mindless profit seeking of the suppliers, whatever the risks to people, livestock and the land. And it's just that which people here and across the country are fed up with.

To a good extent Hank Nuwer's designation of resistance to the line as a "peasants' revolt" is a misnomer. What we have here, and what is developing all over the country, is a populist revolt. While farmers have quite naturally taken the lead in actively opposing the power line from the start, the rally at the Delano conversion station on October 29 was a remarkable and powerful display of unity among farmers, American Indians and city people, all of whom are threatened by the line. . . .

All that remains to be said is that towers will continue to topple, insulators will continue to be shot out and the populist revolt against the line—city and country—will continue to grow in strength, imagination and creativity in the ways of disruption. In fact, among those informed about the situation, it's only a handful of burned-out utilities executive and their little flock of coal corporation and government allies who still believe any juice at all will ever flow over this monstrous boondoggle.

Geoffrey Gardner,
Twin Cities-Northern Sun Alliance

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EDITORIALS.

(Continued from Front Cover)

Presidency in 1982 were expected to stay away (Jerry Brown and Pat Moynihan stayed away), but should any appear, they would be consigned to relative anonymity. (Senator Kennedy was one of ten panelists on one of twenty-four panels—a health-care workshop scheduled for late Saturday afternoon, when many delegates would, presumably, be in their hotel rooms preparing for the Saturday night receptions and conventioneering.)

As Hamilton Jordan put it to the District of Columbia delegation, after explaining that the minority's proposed resolution on the budget would "tie the President's hands," it would be futile to support their resolution because "regardless of what the Conference says, our course is charted."

But despite all the charting and planning designed simultaneously to advance the President's (and his men's) political fortunes and disguise the tilt to the Right, nature—aided and abetted by the Democratic Agenda, a loose coalition of labor, liberal and progressive Democrats—took its course. The President's own address (except for his mention of ERA, which drew cheers) won a tepid reception. When he visited the panels on defense and, especially, on inflation, he was verbally assaulted by delegate-questioners from the audience who were in fundamental disagreement with his policies and priorities.

It was typical rather than exceptional that William Winpisinger, International President of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, was seen to emerge from the DNC's energy workshop, from which he had been denied a place on the panel, in time to tell waiting newsmen and TV cameras that here was "another instance of the Democratic Party's capitulation to Republican Party

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principles." Said Winpisinger: "The inflationary and short-sighted energy program begun by the Nixon-Ford regimes is being fulfilled by the Carter administration. Deregulation of natural gas was the first phase. Proposed deregulation of crude oil and gasoline prices is the second phase." He called for a third phase—the resignation of energy czar Schlesinger.

But the real setback to the carefully laid plans of President Carter and/or his men came on Saturday afternoon when 2,500 delegates and others jammed into the health-care panel meeting to hear Kennedy give a rip-roaring, eloquent stem-winder of a speech calling for national health insurance *now*. The repeated cheers and standing ovation were the loudest and highest point of the weekend. From that moment on, most of the convention buzz had to do with whether the speech was Teddy's "announcement" or whether he was merely keeping his options open.

Stuart Eizenstat of the White House staff, who had to sit through Kennedy's virtuoso performance as a co-panelist, seemed perturbed and is said to have felt that, after the White House had agreed to a compromise health insurance proposal favorable to Kennedy's position, the Massachusetts Senator should have been suitably restrained. This prompted the observation that "They better not let the guy who negotiated that agreement get near the SALT talks."

Officially, the President's men carried the day, since they won the only roll-call vote of the proceedings (on the budget) by a vote of 822 to 521 with twelve abstentions. But unofficially the Democrats left Memphis more divided than when they arrived. About 40% of the delegates, some pro- and some anti-Kennedy, agree with the Senator that "the party that tore itself apart over Vietnam in the 1960s can't afford to tear itself apart today over budget cuts on basic social programs." The midterm convention had been rigged, but poorly rigged. What started out as the Memphis Hustle turned into the Tennessee Waltz, as Kennedy stole the convention. But most significant for the future of the party, the issues which divide it were revealed to be not merely political but deeply ideological.

SALT for Survival

Will there be a nuclear war? Well, of course not. Nevertheless, we must go on with the race to prepare for nuclear war because, if we do not, there will be one.

Those are the conflicting signals the public is supposed to put through its mental computers. Both messages compose the "input" on national security, so-called, of the politics of 1978.

Our leaders tell us that the United States and Russia are on the very verge of making the SALT II agreement. They let it be known that, 95% of the deal having long been concluded, the famous last 5% is now being hammered into shape. Brezhnev is said to be packing his bags for a January visit to Washington. President Carter is busy briefing hawks and doves on the nature of the "emerging" pact as he prepares for the Senate ratification struggle.

We are in for a big show and it is important to bear in mind what it is, and is not, about. It is not about disarmament. It is about a much less precise and useful thing called, fuzzily, "arms control."

Against this background, and with hopes springing up here and there for at least a slowing of the arms race, an interesting one-day meeting, the Nuclear War Conference, was held in Washington on the thirty-seventh anniversary of Pearl Harbor. Under the auspices of the Center for Defense Information and the Institute for Policy Studies, two useful organizations solidly on the pacific side of the defense equations, its participants ranged from hard-boiled military professionals, mostly retired, to scientists such as George Kistiakowsky, George Rathjens, George Wald, Bernard Feld and Henry Kendall, along with students of world politics of the stripe of Richard Barnet, Richard Falk and Harrison Salisbury. Sen. John Culver of Iowa made a notably effective and passionate speech—which we plan to publish soon—on the dreadful effects of nuclear war and the insanity of even contemplating the use of nuclear weapons.

All the old horrors made their appearance at this conference, but each time they are considered, as technology improves and the numbers grow, the prospects of a nuclear "exchange" are more terrifying. The only new element was perhaps the statement of Bardyl Tirana, Carter's hapless "civil defense" administrator, that his proposed "crisis relocation" (meaning the evacuation of the cities) "works on paper"—a weak defense for an absurdity.

The military men all talked in the declarative mood, never in the conditional. It was "will" and "when," not "if," when they discussed the nuclear "option." And, as if to underline their baleful assumptions, the Brookings Institution has just published a study commissioned by the Pentagon which establishes that *four times* the United States has directly threatened the Soviet Union with nuclear war—the exact language is that "an overt and explicit threat was directed at the USSR through global actions of U.S. strategic forces." There were fifteen other occasions, says the report, when the threat could be called "implicit."

On the eve of a new strategic arms limitation agreement are we also on the brink of the "unthinkable" war? Not necessarily, one could conclude from the Nuclear War Conference. But we are perilously close to that brink every minute of every day—pushed there, in Falk's words, by an "explosive" mixture of weapons, military doctrine, psychological ambiguity and economic decline. Can we survive a nuclear war with the Soviet Union? Prof. Bernard Feld of *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* was asked that. He answer was, "No, neither we nor they."

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

That Richard Nixon is staging a political comeback is hardly news; the campaign began almost as soon as he had taken up residence at San Clemente.There was the trip to China, the GOP fund-raiser at the Corona del Mar mansion of a wealthy friend, the trip to Washington to attend services for Senator Humphrey, the dinner for POWs at Casa Pacifica, the autograph parties for his memoirs, his speech at Hyden, Ky., the three-state Veterans Day swing that began in Shreveport, and now his "triumphant" appearance on French television and at the Oxford University debating society (both major features on American-network news programs). Of course he says that he is re-emerging as a "public man" and not a politician. But with him the distinction is meaningless; besides, how can he discuss major domestic and international issues without having an eye on the political implications? Politics is his lifeblood. As in the past, he has shown that he knows how to manipulate the media and, once again, the media are playing his game with little sense of their public responsibilities. His appearances reflect careful planning and calculation; as usual he has more in mind than he is willing to concede.

Nixon is, of course, not thinking of running for President; he is barred from the office by Amendment 22. But he does have an eye on the Republican Convention in 1980 at which he certainly intends to be an influence; witness his meeting with General Haig on his trip to France. It will be recalled that Haig accepted reappointment to his NATO post for only one year, which would make him "available" in 1980. Nixon is a notably vindictive man and his memory is long. His Watergate "enemies" in the ranks of the Republican Party—Howard Baker included—had better keep a close eye on his plottings. Ex-President Gerald Ford is not an "enemy" per se but neither is he on the "friendly" list; he certainly ranks below John Connally, and as for Reagan, Nixon has had some cutting things to say about him of recent months. So an intelligent, ambitious, personable figure like Haig might be trotted out as a kind of candidate who could unify the party. To be sure, he worked with Nixon, and then helped to ease him out of office, but only after he had secured for the discredited President all the perquisites he insisted upon. At the convention, the TV cameras would, of course, trot around at Nixon's heels. And his comeback will continue to to be aided by naive critics who will yell and scream and try to make it difficult for him to speak. Nixon is vulnerable, as always, to humor and satire, not to noisy protests. Ickes knew how to handle him but alas there is no Ickes in the Democratic Party today.

Nixon has always been a good political tactician—a pro—but never a good candidate. So as a plotter and manager he is in his real element. Jerry Voorhis was living on borrowed time when Nixon defeated him; the particular California Congressional district which they contested was basically conservative. And California was not ready to elect a woman to the Senate when Nixon defeated Helen Gahagan Douglas. The Vice Presidential nomination was secured, first, by double-crossing Earl Warren and, second, by confronting Eisenhower with a situation he more or less had to accept despite his dislike for Nixon. In 1960 Nixon was an abject candidate; Kennedy easily ran rings around him. And in the gubernatorial campaign against Pat Brown, he once again proved to be a wretched candidate. In 1968 he won by default and as a result of careful political planning; in 1972 he again won more or less by default. But as a plotter, a conniver, he must always be taken seriously.

His weakness as a candidate was demonstrated during the Watergate scandals. Had he quickly said: Yes, I ordered the tapes destroyed and for damned good reasons and, yes, I ordered the break-ins for reasons I don't propose to discuss, his natural constituency would have rallied to his defense. But he acted so cravenly they felt compelled to abandon him. He has always known that the GOP is basically conservative but that it cannot win the Presidency unless the candidate makes passes at the Independents and disaffected Democrats. He is a good tactician because he has no political values, none; he would not recognize a value if one came up and bit him. His one value is winning, by any necessary means. As far back as 1930, Karl Jaspers pointed out (*Man in the Modern Age*) that technoloical and bureaucratic developments had created a situation in which character and personality and values were shaped by organizational imperatives. In this sense, Nixon is a classic example of the upwardly mobile type in whom manipulative techniques have supplanted all sense of values.

Therefore, don't discount the political mischief of which he is capable. Commentators have long speculated on how and why it was that a large section of the public continued to put up with his transparent fakeries. But that misses the point. An important section of the public identified with Nixon; they would not admit it publicly but they would have done what he did had they been in his shoes. For him, "the bottom line" has always been making it, knocking off his "enemies," scrambling to the top by hook or crook. His natural constituency never really liked Nixon personally—he is a very hard man to like—but in its secret view a President must be a Machiavellian figure to get done the things that they want done. But there is this difference: Machiavelli had some values (a passion for Italian unity and the republican form of government). Machiavelli would probably have despised Nixon. But the old Dick Nixon fans are still around, a lot of them, and today they are gathering at the airports to shout: "Keep coming out, Dick, keep coming out," and he replies, as he did at Shreveport, "Don't worry, I will." And he will. □

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Still the illusion of the employability of nuclear weapons remains and is not declining. This conference proved once again that work for human survival has only begun, SALT or not.

Taiwan's Big Chance

Since 1972, when Richard Nixon went to China and initiated with Chou En-lai an agreement on diplomatic and commercial relations, much has been written of the obstruction that Taiwan places in the way of this "normalization." These discussions, in government circles and in the world press, have obscured, as they have largely ignored, the reaction within Taiwan itself to the changes in store.

In the last year, as the two countries have drawn closer to putting their stated intentions into effect (February 1979 is the date rumored for a formal statement) two positions have emerged on the island. On the one hand, the government fears that the myth that Taipei represents China will be destroyed; on the other hand, many diverse groups welcome what the United States and China are planning as an opportunity for Taiwan. Both camps foresee an upheaval of the social and political system, but whether it will lead to a more repressive or more open government depends on which group inherits the power.

For the Kuomintang (KMT), the ruling party, normalization means betrayal. Unless propped up or stabilized by the United States, the regime (those refugees who fled the mainland with Chiang Kai-shek in 1949) cannot continue to rule Taiwan. For the native Taiwanese, and some mainlanders, normalization holds out the hope that their island's fortunes will no longer be manipulated by outside forces. If the KMT's power is broken and if Peking can be blocked from reclaiming Taiwan, then the Taiwanese can realize their century-old dream of an independent republic, with or without ties to the mainland.

The government of the Republic of China (Taiwan) still maintains that it represents the Chinese people and that the Communists are mere bandits. As soon as word got out that the United States would establish relations with Peking, the government-controlled Taiwanese press began a daily campaign of protest, on grounds ranging from the need to support Chinese culture to the significance of U.S.-Taiwan trade and investment. In addition, Taipei is moving to shield itself from the winds of change.

The government has sought to associate anti-government activities with Communist agitation, and arrests of political prisoners have risen. Student groups have recently been openly critical of the government; therefore, the universities are now more strictly controlled. The new president of Tung-hai University, Mei Ko-wang, is the former head of the Central Police Academy.

But the majority of mainlanders and Taiwanese look forward to normalization. The groups who favor the new relationship include a growing number of mainlanders and Taiwanese who want either to reform radically or eliminate entirely KMT rule, and the large number of Taiwanese and some mainlanders who want to dissociate Taiwan from the mainland. A small but significant group promotes socialism, and seeks either autonomy or reunion with the mainland.

The first group hopes that the prestige of the KMT will further decline, that Washington's recognition of Peking will destroy the KMT's pretense of being the ruling body of a single China. In that case, the Taiwanese would no longer have to accept the government's assertion that Taiwan must be ruled by martial law until recovery of the mainland is completed, and educational, health and social welfare demands would no longer have to be subordinated to military expenditures and national security.

Elections last November were islandwide evidence of the reformers' strength. In the north, in Chung-li, an attempt by the KMT to stuff ballot boxes produced an all-night riot and cost three lives. The police stations were burned, many official cars were destroyed, and the military were summoned. Whereupon the troops for the most part refused to quell the riot by force. The crowd chanted to them—you are our brothers; don't join the government. Large wall posters asked whether Communist tactics differed at all from the KMT's rigged election tactics. In Kaohsiung, a southern industrial city, and the second largest in Taiwan, a four-day riot occurred over the same issue. Again, troops were brought in, but there were no deaths.

In preparation for December 1978 elections, the government banned publication of any new journals or newspapers, took control of the only independent newspaper, and arrested reform candidates. A deputy in the Provincial Assembly privately reported that recently there have been more than 100 arrests among his constituency. One long-time resister, a mainlander intellectual, grimly compared the situation with that in Russia. "In the Soviet Union, one can at least demonstrate; even if only for five minutes and for 100 feet. Here, now there is not even that opportunity."

For many of the Taiwanese, the KMT is alien and requires Taiwanization. Although ethnically Chinese, these Taiwanese do not identify with China, politically or socially. A voice for this admittedly amorphous group is the large and native Presbyterian church of 200,000 members (founded in 1865) with considerable religious and intellectual roots in Tainan Theological College. It has an islandwide body of alumni who are devoted to nationalism. Throughout the Japanese period these Presbyterians stood firm against oppressive colonial rule; for the last thirty years they have maintained a similar position.

A small but strong and unusually vocal group promotes socialism for Taiwan and optimistically views

Peter Clark is the pseudonym for a close observer of political affairs in Taiwan.

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normalization as an opportunity to work out a satisfactory relationship with the mainland.

Gradually the Taiwanese intelligentsia (consisting of both mainlander and native college students) have begun openly to criticize their country's dependence on foreign capital and the rise of a new class of homegrown capitalists. One representative of the Provincial Assembly spat out that "Taiwan is a robot for foreigners." These critics of the status quo argue against current KMT plans to build up Taiwan as a platform for exports, where the central economic activity will be the processing of goods to be sold on the international market. Taiwan, according to this scheme, would supply cheap manpower for the labor-intensive stages of the assembly process. Critics point out that this approach would leave Taiwan subject to the whims of the international economy.

How should the United States respond to all this? First of all, it should recognize that normalization is not an issue for Washington, Taipei and Peking alone. For reformers in Taiwan it is a positive opportunity. One writer sarcastically argued that the KMT opposed the purchase of voting machines because it did not know how to rig them. Evidence that the all-Taiwanese lower ranks of the army will not carry out orders to attack their countrymen is multiplying. The reformers and all those who consider Taiwan their homeland see normal U.S.-Chinese relations as both inevitable and much to be desired. Only the Taipei government faces ruin. And it has long since been exposed as a dependent regime saved only by the cold war.

PETER CLARK

ARTICLES.

The 'Eyes Only' Committee for Lyndon's War

RICHARD DUDMAN

In 1967, when President Lyndon B. Johnson badly needed support for his war policy in Vietnam, a prestigious citizens' group, suddenly appearing out of nowhere, came to the rescue. The Citizens Committee for Peace with Freedom in Vietnam thundered its allegiance to LBJ in newspaper ads, direct-mail declarations and task force reports. The rescue operation was too little and too late—Johnson's strategy of gradual escalation was already falling apart even though official Washington didn't know it yet—but the story of how the committee was formed, now available for the first time, is worth telling as an example of White House manipulation of American public opinion.

The details turned up in the Johnson papers at the Lyndon B. Johnson Library. Gareth Porter, a scholar who specializes in Southeast Asia and whose most recent *Nation* article (September 9) was "China and Vietnam: Asia's New Cold War," had flown there—ironically on a small travel grant from the Lyndon B. Johnson Foundation—for some final research on his forthcoming *Vietnam: A Definitive Documentation of Human Decisions*. He came across a series of memorandums to Johnson from John P. Roche, then a special consultant to the President and now a professor and acting dean at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University. Most of the memos were marked "eyes only."

Richard Dudman is the chief Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Roche told Johnson on March 21, 1967 that he had been working for several months "to create an 'intellectual' response to the 'liberal' attacks on our Asian policy." His project at that time was for a conference of distinguished but carefully selected scholars, to be chosen by himself and Prof. Robert Scalapino of the University of California in such a way as "not to eliminate 'dissent' but to insure that they all (whatever their tactical differences, e.g., about 'bombing') share the same fundamentmal outlook."

His plan was that the conference would meet without publicity and prepare a report that could be used "as a fortification for our bewildered friends who listen to Commager, Schlesinger, et al., and have no basis for argument." He added that the idea was strongly favored by Oscar Handlin—"who is twice the historian Commager is."

By April 28, Roche had ready for the President a second plan, this time for a supposedly spontaneous citizens' committee. He told Johnson he had been working on the project with Harry McPherson, another White House aide, and Jim Rowe, a veteran of the Roosevelt White House who sometimes helped Johnson politically.

Three weeks later, beginning to mark his memos "eyes only," Roche urged Johnson that "the time has come to stop holding meetings about organizing it—and organize the damned thing." He was confident that the White House role could be kept hidden: "Once it is started, there are bound to be accusations that it is a White House 'front.' (This is one reason why New York would be a better headquarters than Washington.) I will leave no tracks—for a man of my bulk, I can be remarkably invisible (I was in the West Wing for five months before the newspapermen knew about it)."

On May 26, Roche reported that the plan was complete, attached a list of prospective sponsors, and asked Johnson if he should move ahead. Johnson checked the blank marked "yes" and added the handwritten warning, "But don't get surfaced," signing it, "L."

Check marks on the list suggest that Roche had received acceptances from Max Ascoli, John McCloy, Henry Kissinger, George Meany, Thurman Arnold, Edmund Gullion, Professor Scalapino, David Sarnoff, James Nabrit, Henry P. Van Dusen and S.L.A. Mar-

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DRAWINGS BY TONY AUTH

shall. Former Presidents Truman and Eisenhower were listed as honorary co-chairmen. Roche said White House participation would be limited to getting agreements privately from Truman and Eisenhower to serve, a message of support from Johnson and Vice President Humphrey in reply to a letter from the sponsors explaining their purpose, and "a certain amount of indirect encouragement—e.g., men known to be close to you, such as Jim Rowe, could invite various figures to serve as sponsors."

On June 15, he told Johnson he had gone over his plans at length with Clark Clifford, who later became disillusioned about the war and, as Johnson's Secretary of Defense, led a successful move to persuade Johnson to halt the U.S. military escalation. Roche said he found Clifford "enthusiastic about the project and very helpful," and that former Sen. Paul Douglas (D., Ill.) had agreed to be the organizing chairman.

Some problems developed. Roche told Johnson on June 26 that he needed help in getting Eisenhower to serve as honorary co-chairman. He said Clifford was going to approach Truman. On that same day, Roche sent Jack Valenti, a former Johnson assistant who had become president of the Motion Picture Association of America, a brief statement of purpose for the committee. Apparently Roche had written it himself; at any rate, he told Valenti that there had been a delay because of "my feeling that I should check the contents with Paul Douglas."

The statement, which did not accompany the memo on file in the Johnson Library, may have been the statement of purpose included in the organization's incorporation papers filed in Washington on July 31, 1967. It did not mention backing the government's war policy, and said merely that the purpose was "to make inquiry into the nonpartisan fundamentals of American foreign policy and to conduct educational activities in connection therewith; and to promote and contribute to a broad-based, nonpartisan public debate about Vietnam and related matters."

That language evidently satisfied the Internal Revenue Service, which gave the group a ruling that enabled it to obtain about $200,000 in tax-deductible contributions. Sheldon S. Cohen, who was Commissioner of Internal Revenue at the time, says he has no recollection of the case but, putting the worst face on it, if criminal fraud was involved, the six-year statute of limitations would long since have run out.

The three incorporators, as duly reported to Johnson in another memo, were Paul Douglas, George Meany and Abbott Washburn, a public relations executive who had held various jobs in the Eisenhower administration.

Reporting on recruitment of the board of directors, Roche said Douglas had obtained acceptances from the head of the Veterans of Foreign Wars; from Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, former Governor of California; from Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio, a friend of Johnson who had denounced critics of the war from his pulpit, and from Allan Nevins, the historian. Roche added that he had "four or five distinguished liberal professors lined up."

After Eisenhower had agreed to be an honorary co-chairman, he made a premature disclosure of the organization, a few days before the formal announcement was to be made in October. Roche, in another of his secret memos to Johnson, saw this as a lucky break: "Gen. Eisenhower's remarks about the National (later called Citizens) Committee for Peace with Freedom in Vietnam were a gift from God. For him to surface the enterprise automatically takes suspicion off the White House and provides an aura of solid nonpartisanship."

Clifford had still not heard from Truman about accepting as honorary co-chairman, but on October 16, Roche reported that Truman was on board, although "only after much agonizing." He explained that Truman "was sore because President Eisenhower had walked off with the advance publicity! He has an old grudge against Paul Douglas which he shines up every six months." Roche asked Johnson to write the thank-you letter, since one from Douglas probably would be unwelcome.

Roche also asked Johnson for White House assistance in raising the first $50,000 for the new committee: "I would appreciate your help in asking Bess Abel to let me allocate some dinner invitations over the next couple of months—they have an amazing impact on

ROCHE'S ONLY REGRET

Congratulations to Richard Dudman for his red-hot investigative reporting. This piece should give him a real shot at the 1968 Pulitzers.

As for the committee, it was a first-rate outfit organized in a good cause. I only regret the government of the United States repudiated its objectives and created the present Asian Auschwitz in Indochina.

John P. Roche

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the urge to contribute."

Roche acknowledges that the creation of the committee was "my bright idea, with the cooperation of a number of my friends," but he says he was just a catalyst for many persons in the country who felt that responsible public opinion was not being heard. He says the first person who raised the matter with him was John W. Gardner, who was then Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and later became chairman of Common Cause and a leading opponent of the war in Vietnam. Harry McPherson, now a Washington lawyer, also mentions Gardner as an early advocate of such a committee in his book, *A Political Education*, published several years ago. Gardner says he recalls no such participation, adding: "'67 was the year of the change for me, and I was heading in exactly the opposite direction."

An unsigned memo to George Christian, Johnson's press secretary, told him what to say about the committee: that it was always healthy for a distinguished group of private citizens to be heard and that the government would give careful and respectful attention to the committee's views.

If necessary, in response to questions, Christian was told to say: "The President had nothing to do with the formation of the group and has not discussed it with Senator Douglas, President Eisenhower, President Truman or any of the other members of the committee. He would, of course, be happy to meet with the committee or its representatives at any time. But, up to now, everything the President knows about the committee he has read in the newspapers. □

JUMPING THROUGH HOOPS

Why I Quit Congress

REP. MICHAEL J. HARRINGTON

I have reached my 42nd year, the last nine of them in Congress, and have attained the requisite senility to qualify for a suite in the coveted Rayburn House Office Building and enough seniority to inherit a subcommittee chairmanship at the Committee on International Relations. Despite the attractions of continuing in that path, I decided several months ago to retire from the Congress, and take a sabbatical from public life.

There are personal reasons for the change, having to do with my family obligations, my financial situation, my desire at midlife to reassess what I've done and where I am going. But underlying it all was an unresolvable ambivalence—which flared most violently while waiting for late planes at airports—about whether I really enjoyed being a Congressman any longer, or felt that it was a worthwhile use of my time and energies.

Rep. Michael Harrington is retiring as Democratic Congressman from the 6th District in Massachusetts.

There has been much recent, and I think shortsighted, talk about the shift of power from the Presidency to Congress. On the surface, there is some truth to it. Instead of a hostile President and a tight-lipped bureaucracy, we now have the active cooperation of a friendly President grappling with a bureaucracy that is increasingly open, if not always creative. And as a result of some good legislation and some unfortunate history in the mid-1970s, we in Congress have either won or been handed more responsibility for shaping public policies for a democracy of 215 million people than we ever could have imagined when I came to the Congress in 1969.

But power and responsibility can't simply be held; they must be exercised. And so far, we in the Congress have fumbled our opportunity, and are now collectively in danger of so estranging the public that we offer fertile ground for radicals, know-nothings and single-issue zealots of all stripes peddling political snake oil concocted to sooth the public frustration. In the absence of war or some national catastrophe—moral equivalents notwithstanding—I doubt that we have any prospects of extricating ourselves short of a major overhaul in the constitutional framework.

The public today identifies as the crucial problems, in some rough order of importance, inflation, unemployment, tax reform, energy, government inefficiency and corruption, and crime. But if you were to look back on this past session of Congress, and compare that list of priorities from the people who pay the bills to the way we in Congress, collectively and individually, have expended our energies, you, too, might join Howard Jarvis on the front lines.

If I were a constituent, I would find it hard to believe that the 95th Congress had too little time this year to handle tax reform, welfare overhaul, substantive executive branch reorganization, an anti-inflation program, criminal code reform, a meaningful full-employment bill and national health insurance—in a period when we met for a record number of days and hours, with a record number of staff assistants, having filed a record number of bills and passed and sent to the President a record number of new statutes. If apparent progress can be made in a centuries-old conflict in the Middle East in only twelve days of seclusion at Camp David, we ought to be able to tackle a few of the big ones on Capitol Hill.

Our time and energies are misplaced. We have become experts at managing our mail systems to cater not to the few people who sit down and write us thoughtful letters but to the thousands who pump out canned messages at the call of a lobbyist or interest group. We know how to swoop down into a city or town, according to a tightly drawn schedule, touch the right people, say the right things, pay attention to the right local projects, all to assure that it will always be Congressman Harrington, not just Mr.

We have a tolerance for irrelevant, arcane, protracted, uninspired debate on the floor, and for recorded tallies on the most inconsequential of matters that belie our sophisticated demeanor and overtaxed schedules. Rarely do we pass up the opportunity to announce the award of a federal grant or contract which we had nothing to do with, some of us even doing so at

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the same time that we are posturing on the size of the federal budget. The list of hearings each day is staggering as are the disappointment and boredom served up to anyone who regularly sits through them! (Can there be anything so vapid as the administration witness?) When was the last time your Representative walked over to the Library of Congress to read, think or write?

I have no illusions that the Congress will ever—or should ever—be peopled by Ciceronian heroes. Nor do I share the puritanical instincts of our latter-day mugwumps who would draw a mythical line between politics and government, who take satisfaction merely in cleansing the process and reducing it to the sterility of a civil service exercise and the probity of a church deaconate. I look for a legislative recipe that is a balanced mix of things mundane and lofty, routine and stimulating, peripheral and fundamental, personal and intellectual, partisan and philosophical. I have found that the mundane, the routine, the personal, the peripheral and the partisan predominate.

On the issues that seemed paramount to me over the past nine years, I have been painfully impressed with how the members of the House jump through hoops to avoid facing key questions and making tough choices. We never exercised our constitutional prerogative to set the purposes and boundaries of an involvement in Vietnam which we refused officially to call a war. With the House's silent concurrence, Speaker Albert had us avoid the Nixon issues until the flood of indignation was about to wash over us as well as the President. The Intelligence Committee work was begun too late, kept needlessly in check, abandoned by the House at the first counterattack and never really allowed to touch on the fundamental issue of the role of an intelligence agency in a free and open democracy. In the area of economic questions which simmered for years and have just boiled over, we never once carried on a credible debate on how a 20th-century industrial power is prepared to shore up a crumbling capitalist system with public intervention.

It hardly seems an accident that our constituents no longer have faith in the capacity of Congress to address, let alone solve, the complex problems that beset the Republic. Congress has become irrelevant.

After nine years of wrestling with all this, it seems apparent to me that we need a major overhaul of the constitutional setup in which we operate, to focus our attention, force a degree of cooperation with the executive branch and provide the voters with a clear idea of what the issues are, and who has the authority and responsibility for formulating solutions.

The model I prefer would be a distinctly American parliamentary setup, in which the President and Cabinet would be drawn from the Congress, for a term concurrent with the Congress, and would serve both as legislative leadership and policy coordinator for the independent bureaucracy that exists even today without constitutional mandate. At the same time, we ought to shift to the Cabinet many of the secondary powers and responsibilities of the Congress that seem to take up so much of our time—the private bills, the land claims, the declaration of ceremonial days, many of the routine authorizations, and even appropriations once overall budget categories are set—and concentrate every year on a few key issues. The function of Congress ought to be to set broad public policy outlines, exercise systematic oversight, and force major restructuring for delivering government services.

It is folly for anyone running for the House to think that either constituents back home, or colleagues in the House, or even the seers up in the press gallery will appreciate those who go beyond the obvious or the politically necessary to matters that require foresight, creativity and courage. The system of rewards and punishment working officially and unofficially in the House puts a premium on followship, not leadership; on moderation rather than strategic stridency; on deference to experience and the way things were done last year rather than fresh thinking. Parochial rather than

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national perspectives dominate; personal rather than policy factors tip the scales of legislative success. In the press gallery and in newsrooms, there has developed a laziness of approach to the issues and a viewpoint so jaundiced that many of us stoop to creating stunts and resort to extremist posturing in order to stir up some interest in what we're doing. If we could get the same sort of attention paid to our legislative successes and failures as we do to our haircuts, our parking spaces and our salaries, I'm not sure we would know what to do with all the mail.

Like any human being, I will miss the prestige that comes of serving in the House, but I will hardly miss the tedium of much of it, and the restraint it puts on one's natural self, one's candor and one's own sense of priorities. I have been blessed over the years with the hardest-working, brightest, most loyal staff, and I will miss those associations but not necessarily the constant demands they placed on me as I undoubtedly put on them. Nothing has meant more to me than going to some city and seeing the results of work we had done, or having a stranger or old friend walk up and say how proud she was to have me representing her in Congress. Nor has there been a more painful feeling than being lectured at a town meeting about the alleged corrupt motives of all politicians and the irredeemable failure of the governmental process.

This last development is, I think, unique to our time, at least in its intensity, and it is the fundamental problem. I am a liberal, an activist, one who thinks government has a positive role to play in improving the lives of each individual and in shaping positively the American experience, and to me the public disenchantment with government and politics is debilitating. We cannot paper over the problem by better packaging, by still further increasing the appearance of frenetic activity but not coming to grips with the crucial concerns of the country. Nor do we do this process any service by joining with the naysayers and pandering to sentiments that government is best which governs least. We need a major constitutional and institutional overhaul—anything short of it is simply shoveling sand against a tide of revulsion and rejection.

Congress suffers most seriously from the absence of leadership. I would define leadership this way: putting aside the personal and parochial, taking risks, looking at government as a whole rather than comfortably examining one program at a time, having the courage to make big changes and, with that, running the risk of making big mistakes. The periods of greatest progress have not come when members of the House have been timid, afraid of the electorate, fearful of their own and the country's future, nor when the House has been so in awe of what already exists that it dare not ponder a different world. Our American genius has been a unique blend of the adventurous and cavalier robber baron on the one hand, the puritan moralist on the other. We have recently lost that balance, and the self-confidence that comes with it.

I leave the Congress with the sense that we on Capitol Hill take ourselves too seriously, our job in its most basic sense not seriously enough. □

'SAUDI VENEZUELA'

The Vote to Get Off the Merry-Go-Round

PENNY LERNOUX

Cartagena, Colombia

After five years on Venezuela's frenetic petroleum merry-go-round, a majority of the people want to get off. That was the message of the December 3rd Presidential and Congressional elections, when the governing party, the geriatric Democratic Action (AD), took the worst beating in its history despite a $40 million Madison Avenue-directed campaign.

The opposition Social Christian Party (COPEI) not only clinched the Presidency but also ended AD's traditional majority in Congress. With COPEI polling 47% of the votes and various small groups taking another 11%, AD was left to chew on the bitter prophecy of party founder Romulo Betancourt, who earlier had warned against widespread AD corruption "Saudi Venezuela."

Although ideologically close to President Carlos Andres Perez, Luis Herrera Campins, COPEI's Presidential victor, offers a different focus for government. Unlike Perez, who dedicated most of his energies to a vigorous Third World policy, but ignored financial scandals at home, Herrera Campins insists that "The first priority of my government is the poor of Venezuela."

The poor could certainly use some attention. Despite an annual petroleum income of nearly $11 billion, 40% of Venezuela's 13 million people endure the same grinding poverty that is endemic in less fortunate Latin American countries. One out of three Venezuelans lives in a slum; a million children are abandoned every year, and 10% of those born suffer the physical or mental defects of malnutrition. Nowhere are these contrasts more glaring than in Caracas. Huge American cars crowd bumper to bumper along the looping freeways under a forest of luxury high-rises, but when the smog lifts it reveals another city, the tin-and-cardboard shacks of some 1 million Venezuelans on the hills behind this oil dorado.

With more money to spend than any previous government, Perez took office amid widespread euphoria, poor and rich alike believing AD promises of rapid development and high incomes. The latter proved true only for the favored few, who were principally in the government. The balance of payments surplus from oil price rises was drained away by luxury imports, now growing at an annual rate of 30%. The country that only recently was offering to bankroll its less

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privileged neighbors with cheap loans, now faces the prospect of spending $800 million a year by 1980 just to service its foreign debt.

Plagued by continuous government scandals involving multimillion-dollar bribes and frauds, Perez gradually lost his initial popularity. Yet another scandal broke on the eve of elections when the magazine *Resumen* claimed to have discovered a connection between the murder of penal lawyer Ramon Carmona, allegedly by high police officials in Caracas, and shady land deals on the island of Margarita by its former governor, now head of the AD youth wing.

While COPEI is expected to run a less corrupt, more efficient, government, it is not at all clear how Herrera Campins intends to cope with the country's principal problem—the lack of trained manpower to capitalize on Venezuela's oil wealth before the petroleum begins to run out at the turn of the century. For all the money spent on education, including a scholarship program for postgraduate training abroad, the Perez government never came to grips with the situation of the semiliterate slum dweller, whose lack of skills has contributed to the country's 25% unemployment rate and slowed the pace of development.

Even with a million immigrants from neighboring oil-poor Colombia, Venezuela cannot find sufficient skilled workers and managers for development schemes already underway, let alone other projects as the 5-million-tons-a-year steel complex near Caibo, based on an as yet untouched deposit of 1.5 million tons of coal, or a $4 billion petrochemical industry. At the same time, lack of education and other facilities in the countryside has accelerated migration to city slums, with the result that this former agricultural nation now imports half its food.

The government's unvarying response to such problems has been to pump more billions into the economy ($1.7 billion on agriculture alone last year), in the belief that money solves everything. In fact, it has only spurred inflation. Like the new rich Arabs, the Venezuelans are not prepared for this hell-bent pace of development, and thus the money often is squandered on foolish schemes or disappears into the pockets of government officials.

Yet, for all its problems, Venezuela still boasts a thriving democratic tradition, well oiled, of course, by money. (The parties spent some $17 per vote for beer rallies alone on the eve of elections, including a free kilo of meat to each participant.) Though there is little ideological difference between AD and COPEI—the election was characterized principally by a war of opinion polls—political enthusiasm has not diminished. Virtually all of the 6 million eligible voters went to the polls, many standing in line for four and five hours to cast their ballots.

With an unbroken, two-decade succession of elected governments, Venezuela can rightly boast an almost unparalleled achievement: with the exception of Colombia, all the other countries in South America are governed by military dictatorships. Not that Venezuela's military had any reason to intervene during the elections—as army officers confide, only an extreme optimist would want the burdens of ruling this oil-rich, economically bedeviled country. □

Judgeships

(Continued from Front Cover)

foundly on the quality of justice. A single ruling by a judge, be it a decision on desegregation of public schools, enforcement of environmental protection laws, or First Amendment guarantees, can have enormous effect. But despite their importance, these lifetime appointments have always been made on the basis of patronage politics. Historically, federal judgeships have gone to the politically well-connected—friends of Senators and Presidents. Minorities, women—since they lack political power—have been barred from consideration. The involvement of establishment institutions, such as the American Bar Association, which has been rating potential nominees to the federal bench for Presidents since the administration of Dwight Eisenhower, and the Senate Judiciary Committee, which has used its confirmation proceedings to rubber-stamp nominations, has made the selection process even more exclusive and invisible. The result is to be seen in the composition of the federal judiciary, which is overwhelmingly that of white male former prosecutors and big-firm corporate lawyers.

Over the years, the link between party politics and federal judge selection has not encouraged the appointment of excellent judges, nor have the ways of patronage strengthened public trust in the judiciary. To be sure, in its better moments cronyism has given us some very good judges, but in the main it has rewarded mediocrity and given us some very bad judges. Federal Judge William Harold Cox, for example, was a law school roommate of retiring Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman James Eastland (D., Miss.). Appointed to a district judgeship seventeen years ago, Cox is best remembered for having repeatedly frustrated federal efforts in the early 1960s to secure blacks the right to vote in Mississippi. Judge Cox once called blacks appearing in a case before him "chimpanzees."

In reporting on federal judge selection for *The Nation* in the months to come, it is our intention to bring the selection process out into the open. We shall look at the credentials of those headed for nomination and appointment, as well as those of others who have been passed up. The ability of "merit" commissions to free the selection process from patronage politics will also be assessed, as will the roles now played by bar associations and the Senate Judiciary Committee under its new chairman, Edward M. Kennedy (D., Mass.).

Predicting how an individual will perform once on the bench is, as several Presidents have learned, a risky business. More than one dyed-in-the-wool conservative has turned out to be a progressive judge (and vice versa). Still, it's important to know the backgrounds and credentials of those who vie for the jobs. A close monitoring of federal judge selection can, at

Dorothy Samuels is the executive director and James Goodman is the Washington, D.C. representative of the Committee for Public Justice, a national civil liberties organization. The monitoring of federal judge selection is a joint undertaking of the committee and The Nation.

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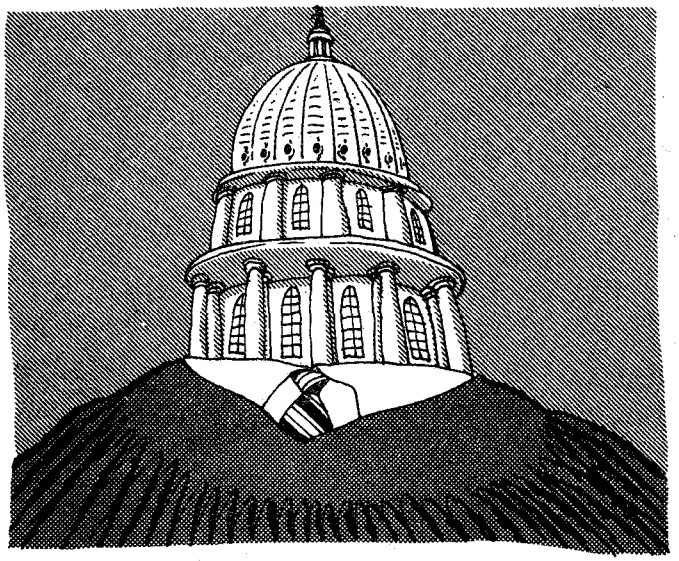

least, open the selection process to those who have previously been excluded and can, perhaps, discourage the most flagrant and irresponsible political giveaways.

In undertaking this task, it is useful first to review the Carter record to date. As a candidate, Mr. Carter pledged himself to appoint federal judges "strictly on the basis of merit without any consideration of political aspect or influence." Unfortunately, this promise was broken even before President Carter took office. In December 1976, the President-elect reached an "understanding" with Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Eastland: The administration would agree not to challenge Senatorial patronage prerogatives for selection of district court judges and U.S. Attorneys in exchange for the establishment of Presidentially appointed panels to select circuit court judges.

Patronage has been the determining factor in many of the fifty-two district judge appointments made by the President in the past two years, and only two of these went to Republicans. The fact is that Carter has seldom refused to appoint the favorites of Democratic Senators. Once a Senator submits a name for an opening on the federal bench in his state—and more often than not a Senator will submit just one name—it is a safe bet that this person will be appointed.

This method permits little quality control. Was Rhode Island Democratic Sen. Claiborne Pell's choice of Francis Boyle—Pell's longtime friend and a leading anti-abortion advocate in the state—really the best pick for a district judgeship in Rhode Island? Was Illinois Democratic Sen. Adlai Stevenson's choice of Stanley Roszkowski—a personal injury lawyer whose chief qualifications for a federal judgeship appear to have been his personal and political ties to Stevenson—the best that Illinois had to offer?

Dissatisfaction with these appointments does not stem from doubts about the judges' integrity but Carter's appointment of Donald O'Brien, his 1976 campaign manager in Michigan, to a district judgeship in Iowa is another matter. Here, the President, when offered a choice of five candidates, took the only one with White House ties and serious unresolved questions about his record.

The skeleton dangling in O'Brien's closet goes back to a case in 1955 that resulted in the wrongful conviction of a murder suspect, Ernest Triplett. At issue is whether O'Brien, then a county prosecutor, withheld information that the confession upon which the conviction was based had been induced by drugs when Triplett was confined in a mental hospital. Triplett served seventeen years in prison before the circumstances of his confession were disclosed to a judge, and his conviction was overturned. O'Brien has been evasive in responding to questions about the Triplett matter.

The political workings of judgeship appointments to the eleven Circuit Courts of Appeal offer further evidence of the political dealings which have pervaded the judicial selection process, even where "merit" commissions have been used. In February 1977, and in line with the Eastland pact, President Carter issued an Executive Order creating citizen panels in each judicial circuit to screen and recommend candidates for Circuit Court appointments. These panels were supposed to insulate the selection process from patronage politics, but that has hardly been their effect. The influence of Senators in Circuit Court appointments can be seen in the selection of Gilbert Merritt to fill an opening on the Sixth Circuit, which covers Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and Tennessee. The vacancy was generally considered to be a Tennessee seat. Of the five candidates recommended to the President's attention by the Sixth Circuit panel, Merritt and one other had given money to past campaigns of Tennessee's Democratic Sen. James Sasser, whom the panel had consulted for recommendations. Indeed, Merritt had niftily skirted amendments to the 1971 Federal Elec-

THE PANEL

In evaluating the qualifications of prospective judges, as well as the methods of selection, the reports will benefit from the guidance of *The Nation*'s Judicial Selection Panel: former Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark; Rhoda Karpatkin of Consumers Union*; Mark Green of Congress Watch; Moe Foner of Local 1199 of the National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees; Attorney Jackson Piel; Stephen Gillers of the New York University Law School faculty; Timothy Flynn of the Center for Law in the Public Interest; Judith Resnik of the Jerome N. Frank Legal Services Organization at Yale University; Haywood Burns, Director of the Center for Legal Education of the City College of the City of New York; former ACLU executive director Aryeh Neier, now a visiting Professor of Law at New York University, and Attorney Lolis Edward Elie.

The professional knowledge and insights of this panel will be invaluable in shaping the scope and direction of this attempt to open the process of federal judge selection to public scrutiny. However, the views and conclusions presented in the reports will be those of the authors.

*Organizations are mentioned in this list solely for the purpose of identification.

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tion Campaign Act, which bans individual contributions of more than $1,000 per candidate, by having each of his three children—the oldest being 12—kick in $1,000 to the 1976 Sasser Senate campaign.

"Wouldn't you consider it a little bit unusual that children of that age gave $1,000 of their own money to a campaign?" asked a somewhat skeptical Sen. Strom Thurmond at Merritt's confirmation hearings a year ago last October.

"No sir, I would not," responded Senator Sasser.

The appointment of Monroe McKay to a seat on the Tenth Circuit, (consisting of Colorado, Kansas, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Wyoming), shows that members of the House can also get a piece of the action. The Justice Department, which ranks nominees recommended by the Circuit Court panels, rated David Watkiss, a 52-year-old Salt Lake City attorney, as best qualified. But, House Speaker Thomas "Tip" O'Neill intervened, twice approaching President Carter at breakfast meetings on behalf of the second-ranked candidate, Monroe McKay, a Brigham Young Law School professor and brother of Utah Rep. Gunn McKay. McKay got the job.

Upon signing the Judgeship Act on October 20, President Carter promised to "encourage" the creation of nominating commissions for selection of district court judgeships. Such commissions are now used by Senators in about twenty states. Carter also made a commitment to appoint more than a token number of minorities and women to the federal bench. At present, there are only twenty-nine black or Hispanic federal judges, and a mere nine are women. Almost half of these appointments were made in the past two years.

But the "standards and guidelines" for selection issued by Carter in accordance with the Act are broad and vague, leaving much in the hands of the Senators. For instance, "public notice" must be given so that those wanting to be considered for appointment can apply, but how such notice is to be given is left unclear. Similarly, the "standards and guidelines" state that an "affirmative effort" must be made to identify qualified women and minorities, but what constitutes an "affirmative effort" is not defined.

Even when promulgating the "standards and guidelines" within the confines of the Judgeship Act, Carter could have done more to break the patronage tradition. Instead, by deferring to the Senators on key details, the "standards and guidelines" allow existing patronage practices to continue and even give them a stamp of legitimacy.

The legislative history of the Judgeship Act shows that much stronger measures than Attorney General Bell's "friendly persuasion" are needed to convince Senators to switch to meaningful merit commissions and to arouse enthusiasm for affirmative action on appointments. First, the Senate resisted an attempt by the House to include a provision in the Act that would have required the President to issue concrete "procedures" for Senators to follow in "merit" selection. The provision was gutted during negotiations between House and Senate conferees, thus assuring that "merit" selection would not be mandatory and that the commissions used by Senators for district court selection could continue to function under their thumbs.

Second, the Senate opposed a House move to add an affirmative action clause to the Act that would have required the President to "give due consideration to qualified women, blacks, Hispanics and other minority individuals." Again, the House backed down in the face of Senate resistance. The final version of the Judgeship Act contains just a weak nondiscrimination clause suggesting that the President "give due consideration to qualified individuals regardless of race, color, sex, religion or national origin.

In addition to the Senate's unwillingness to surrender patronage powers, the Senate's attempt to split the Fifth Circuit is worth noting. The move, pushed by Senator Eastland, would have greatly increased the influence of conservative judges in the Deep South who have consistently voted against civil rights. In effect, the split would also have created a separate circuit of oil- and gas-producing states where much of the litigation over allocation of the nation's oil and gas takes place. The compromise language finally agreed to has left the future of the Fifth Circuit uncertain.

Perhaps the Carter administration will crack down on Senators who do not adhere even to the excessively broad "standards and guidelines" issued by the President. Senators from at least four states—Democrats Donald Riegle in Michigan, Thomas Eagleton in Missouri, Robert Morgan in North Carolina and Independent Harry Byrd in Virginia—submitted nominations for new judgeship positions before Carter issued the very ground rules Senators are to follow, and there is considerable doubt that these Senators followed even the general steps prescribed by the "standards and guidelines." Last February, Senator Byrd's commission, for example, ignoring well-qualified blacks and minorities, submitted a list of ten white males to the Justice Department for possible nomination to the four new judgeships in Virginia. Carter has threatened to hold up filling the Virginia seats unless Byrd submits a more "balanced" list.

Meanwhile, Senator Morgan submitted the name of Charles Winberry, his 1974 campaign manager and now counsel to North Carolina Gov. James Hunt, for one of three new North Carolina district judgeships. Asked about the propriety of selecting a nominee before the ground rules have been issued, an aide to Morgan saw no problem, noting that Senator Morgan had "said all along" that he would ask the President to appoint Winberry. And, obviously, Morgan was not moved by President Carter's "encouragement" to form a merit commission. "It would be hypocritical to name a commission when he [Morgan] already knows who he's going to pick," the aide candidly added. How Carter reacts to the premature nominations may be seen as an early test of his intentions.

Attorney General Bell expects that by April 1, 80% of the 152 new judges will have been appointed. In this rush to judgeships, it would be indeed regrettable if whole segments of the public continued to be left out of the selection process. President Carter's appointments to the federal judiciary in the next several months will shape the course of justice into the next century. It is time to take careful watch. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Gray Christmas

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

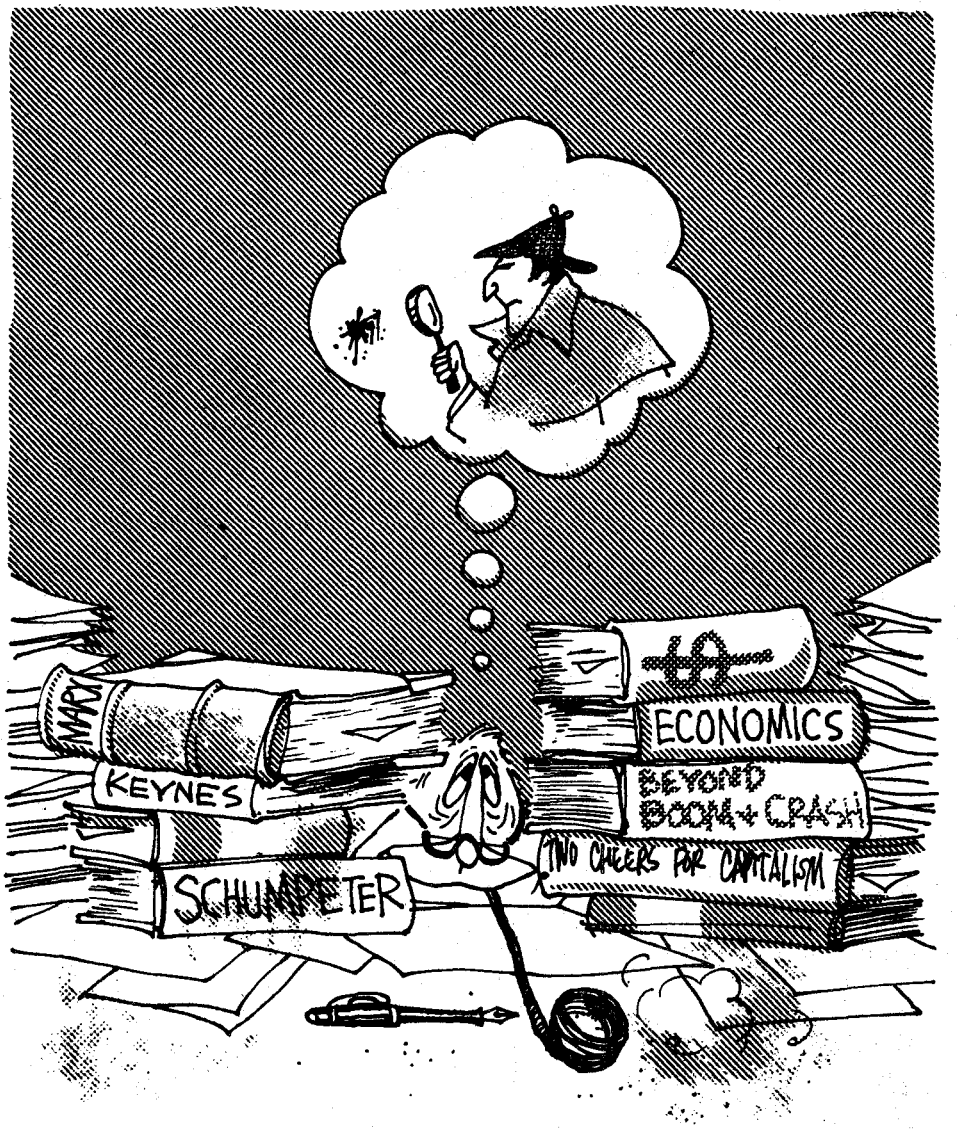
This has not been the best of years for books by economists or about economics. I am tempted to say and, therefore, shall say that in my glum specialty 1978's best entry was written in 1942 by Joseph A. Schumpeter who died three decades ago. The central portion of his *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* has been enterprisingly reprinted by Harper Colophon Books as *Can Capitalism Survive?* In the interests of full disclosure, I here reveal that I wrote an introduction (for a flat fee) to this reprint.

Schumpeter, who admired capitalism and detested socialism, nevertheless predicted the demise of the first and the triumph of the second for reasons that ever since have fascinated big thinkers. A major source of Schumpeter's pessimism was his fear that entrepreneurs, the heroes of capitalist progress, were being replaced by the bureaucracies of large corporations. Who will care, asked Schumpeter, whether his paycheck arrives courtesy of private or public bureaucrats? A second reason for despondency derived from the role of intellectuals. The prosperity created by capitalist triumphs over scarcity has given birth to a horde of alienated intellectuals nurtured by and in universities, foundations and the media. These accomplished biters of the hands that feed them suffer from an envy, traditional among scribblers and talkers, of men and women of action, the people who actually organize factories and offices and produce goods and services that the public genuinely clamors for. Perhaps flatteringly to these practitioners of organized malice, Schumpeter assigned them a crucial role in dissipating popular faith in free enterprise and private property.

Two interesting books pick up Schumpeter's theme. Robert L. Heilbroner's *Beyond Boom and Crash* (Norton), is a characteristically lucid and elegantly written analysis of why domestic and international markets are increasingly unstable and unworkable. Heilbroner takes off from Marx and ends with a cheerless version of Schumpeter's transition to socialism. Schumpeter at least held open the prospect of compatibility between socialism and political democracy. Much less sanguine about this possibility, Heilbroner foresees, as capitalism's next stage, a semi-authoritarian variety of corporate-dominated national economic planning, of the kind that alert corporate types like Felix Rohatyn have begun tentatively to explore. Heilbroner is far too believable for comfort.

My second illustration of Schumpeter's influence is the essays gathered in Irving Kristol's *Two Cheers for Capitalism* (Basic Books). The author's villains—environmentalists, planners, Naderites, social welfare types and unsound professors (can he possibly mean me?)—are all members of a New Class (the caps are Kristol's) who weaken capitalism just as Schumpeter foresaw. The events of the autumn political charade should comfort Kristol if not readers of *The Nation*. One might add that there is a pretty penny to be made these days telling conservative tales to business audiences, enjoying subsidized sabbaticals at the American Enterprise Institute and the Hoover Institution, and writing syndicated columns. Members of the New Class have evidently learned how to play both sides of the street.

Endlessly demolished and as often rehabilitated, Karl Marx remains a dominant presence. Saul Padover's *Karl Marx: An Intimate Biography* (McGraw-Hill), is an astute and critical inquiry into a tormented life which, despite the subtitle, contains much sophisticated intellectual history. Padover would have done well to add a chapter which explicitly linked Marxist doctrine with the events of personal history. Of the current Marxist literature, I liked *Marxism and the Metropolis: New*



Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College, City University of New York. His latest book is Economists at Bay *(McGraw-Hill).*

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Perspectives in Urban Political Economy edited by William K. Tabb and Larry Sawers (Oxford University Press). Something of a novelty of New Left analysis, this collection concentrates upon cities and suburbs instead of the national and global scene. The best essays, those by Patrick Ashton, Ann Markusen, Richard Hill and William Tabb are serious and credible applications of Marxist categories to sunbelt as well as snowbelt communities. Readers are invited to take their choice of New York City as a future Pariah City, peopled by the "poor, the deviant, the unwanted and those who make a living or career managing them for the rest of society," or as a State Capitalist City administered "according to principles of corporate planning." It may be that our pitiful metropolis has already arrived at the second condition. As a requirement of last summer's famous loan guarantees, Congress indefinitely extended the career of the Emergency Financial Control Board which now legitimizes banking and corporate supervision of municipal budgets, social services and collective bargaining negotiations.

In times like these it is spiritually nourishing to reread thinkers who retained confidence in human reason and human prospects. John Maynard Keynes died in 1946. Very slowly, the Royal Economic Society and Cambridge University Press have been publishing a complete Keynes edition. The English don't hurry. Piero Sraffa completed his Ricardo edition in 1951. His hero died in 1823. This year's Keynes additions are Volume XVII, *Activities 1920-1922 Treaty Revision and Reconstruction*, Volume XVIII, *Activities 1922-1932 The End of Reparations* and Volume XXII, *Activities 1939-1945*, each priced at a majestic $28.50. I suspect that these are items primarily for Keynes freaks like me. All the same, these memorandums, letters, manifestoes and old articles from *The Manchester Guardian, New Statesman, New Republic* and elsewhere possess considerably more than merely antiquarian interest. As writing, they confirm my impression that Keynes for the life of him could not write a dull paragraph. Keynes, a founding member of Bloomsbury, played a role on the political stage of the 1920s entirely consistent with the values of that self-confident elite.

He had become an international celebrity with the publication at the end of 1919 of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, a devastating assault upon the Versailles Treaty which warmed up with sharp sketches of Clemenceau, Woodrow Wilson, Orlando and his own former chief, Lloyd George. The *Times* (of London), taken more seriously then than now (some things have improved!), wondered how so disloyal a person could ever have been employed by the Treasury and concluded that "in writing this book, he has rendered the Allies a disservice for which their enemies will, doubtless, be grateful."

Keynes could not have cared less. His efforts, documented in these volumes, to junk the reparations clauses of Versailles led him into the inner circles of the Weimar government. It is startling to learn that in mid-1923 Keynes actually ghost-wrote a suggested German response to a diplomatic note from Lord Curzon, then the British Foreign Secretary, which opposed the position of England's ally France. What would a Committee on un-British Activities have done with this information?

Keynes's critics charged him with bias in favor of the Germans and against the French. Keynes denied everything. He was convinced that French intransigence was profoundly mischievous and likely to destroy the German middle class and along with that class, the novel democratic institutions of the Weimar Republic. It is possible that either a French-style punitive settlement or Keynes's peace of reconciliation might have staved off Hitler and averted the horrors of World War II. The belated and grudging revisions of Versailles undertaken in the 1920s failed either to strengthen German democracy or to prevent a war of revenge.

Keynes firmly believed that economics was less interesting and less important to human happiness than literature and the arts. In visionary moments, he foresaw a time when, economic problems at last resolved, economists could subside into humble, technical pursuits just like dentists and plumbers. Keynes would have liked Bernard Nossiter's *Britain: A Future That Works* (Houghton Mifflin). Nossiter, *The Washington Post*'s London correspondent, is an unabashed Anglophile. His England is full of contented citizens who lead more civilized lives than Americans and West Germans who take home twice their average income, at least as conventionally measured. Nossiter points out that until the last three years real income in England had been steadily increasing since the end of World War II. For most families this has been the Golden Age. Living standards in Western Europe of course rose even faster during these three decades. Nevertheless, Englishmen and women take joy, quite sensibly, from comparisons of their earlier and later states. Unlike the experts, they see no reason to run races with Swedes and Germans.

No doubt British workers are less productive than many workers elsewhere. No reason to panic. Blue-collar types and their supervisors set great store by a leisurely work pace and indulgence of inexpensive recreations off the job. One way to humanize factory existence is to avoid taking assembly lines too seriously. As for the managers, they saunter into their offices in mid-morning, go home early, and indulge in British variants of three-martini lunches—a sherry or two before the repast, a sound claret accompanying it, and a snifter of the club's superior cognac to settle the stomach.

Fun, one readily concedes, but can a medium-sized country make a living with habits like these? Well, yes. Nossiter argues quite persuasively that Britain enjoys a comparative advantage over its trading rivals in the services—medicine, insurance, teaching and the arts. England's future is attractive because "Things of the mind and spirit—books, medicine, television, music, drama, education (as well as banking and insurance)—not only enrich the human personality but enable men and women to earn their way in a world whose material income expands." If you like England, you'll love Nossiter's defense of the Old Country.

Finally, a churlish word or two about some conservative items. Irving Kristol, whose new book I have already mentioned, is by all odds the most civilized exponent of the general beastliness which is the current vogue. Three less attractive items ought to be noted. Harry Brown, a believer in the virtues of untrammeled egotism and unhampered pursuit of gain, has perpetrated still another handbook for frightened investors. His *New Profits from the Monetary Crisis* (William Morrow) is a set of directions for looking after number one, complete with clues to the opening of Swiss bank accounts and advice to flee the cities when the natives begin to riot.

Jude Wanniski, a deeper thinker who used to write *Wall Street Journal* editorials, has been smitten by the wit and wisdom of Arthur Laffer, inventor of the celebrated Laffer curve. Wanniski's *The Way the World Works* (Basic Books) is a hymn to the unique virtues of selfishness, or as we economists say, maximization. Even acolytes trained at Milton Friedman's knee may feel that this version of utopia is something of a caricature.

My last candidate is Martin Anderson's polemic against welfare reform. Anderson, an economist who worked for Arthur Burns in the Nixon White House and later for Ronald Reagan in California, argues in *Welfare: The Political Economy of Welfare Reform in the United States* (Hoover Institution/Stanford University) that it is both undesirable and impossible to combine decent ben-

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efit levels with strong work incentives at tolerable costs. Why even try? In Anderson's judgment, "the 'war on poverty' that began in 1964 has been won. The growth of jobs and income in the private economy, combined with an explosive increase in government spending for welfare and income transfer programs, has virtually eliminated poverty in the United States." Anderson, more's the pity, is likely to be influential.

Well, friends, there it is and a Merry Christmas to one and all. If you prefer the latest Emma Lathen, Harry Kemelman, Dick Francis, Peter Dickinson or John LeCarre to any or all of my nominees, rest assured that I will understand and sympathize. □

The World in A Very Small Space

ROBERT B. SHAW

THE STORIES OF JOHN CHEEVER. *By John Cheever. Alfred A. Knopf. 704 pp. $15.*

Sporting a red jacket like a Christmas wrapping, this is a book for all seasons—prodigious, and deeply engaging. Cheever obviously has a knack for overcoming the intimidations of a virgin page. The volume includes sixty-one stories and is close to 700 pages. Even at that it does not include all of Cheever's stories; the ones written before the end of World War II have been dropped. There are other American writers whose best gifts are elicited by the short story—Jean Stafford, Peter Taylor or J.F. Powers might come to mind—but Cheever (rhymes with beaver), has been more copious than any of them. The short story is a beleaguered form, and it may well have been the success of his latest novel *Falconer* that induced Cheever's publisher to issue this volume; without a doubt it was that and his three previous novels that led critics to pay him serious attention.

One hopes that equally serious attention will be given to the stories, now that this collection is available. Cheever's novels, especially *The Wapshot Chronicle* and *Falconer*, have splendid passages: enough, in both cases, to bring the reader through the book in a most exhil-

Robert Shaw is a poet whose book Comforting the Wilderness *(Wesleyan) appeared last year.*

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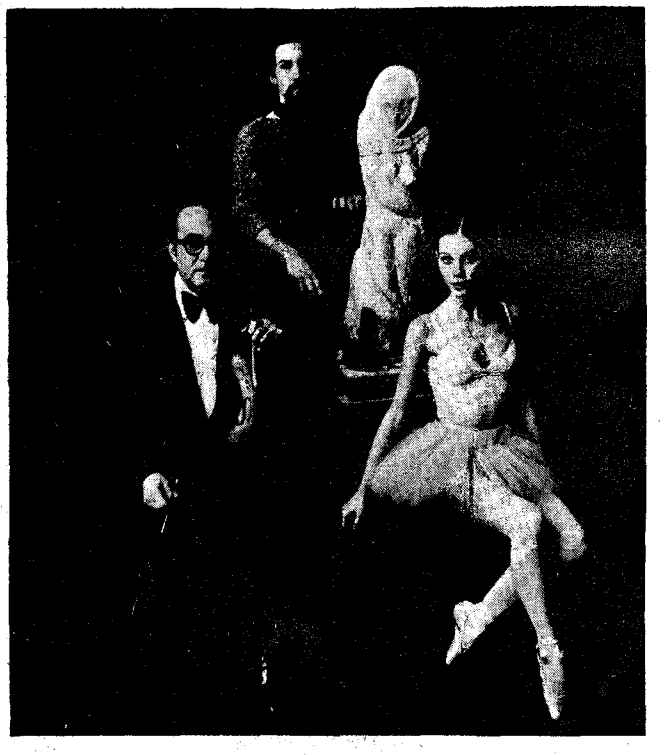

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arating way. As novels, though, all four are structurally eccentric, and even *Falconer*, the tightest of them, has its share of disproportion. One is aware even in the midst of enjoying such books that the writer is going against his own grain. Cheever needs a more compact space in which to discover the capabilities of his imagination.

So far I have neglected to say what these stories are about; and I wish I didn't have to. Labeling according to subject matter does small justice to a writer's art, and often serves inadvertently to discourage a prospective reader. There must be many people who have avoided reading Cheever because they have heard that he writes about the suburbs, and have hence assumed that he is a satirist who aims at sitting ducks; that his material, like any social observer's, is likely to lose interest as it dates. Such a view of Cheever is a grand misconception with just enough truth to it to make it difficult to dispel.

There is certainly plenty of pungent satire to be found in his work; one does not easily forget the backyard bomb shelter "ornamented with four plaster-of-Paris ducks, a birdbath, and three composition gnomes with long beards and red mobcaps." The postwar Manhattan milieu of the early stories and the Westchester suburb Cheever calls Shady Hill are both sketched with some acidity. But there is a kind of troubled affection as well in Cheever's treatment of his fictional neighborhoods, and it is probably this which will keep many of the stories fresh even as they age. In his preface, Cheever faces the possibility of the stories' being dated with a disdaining straightforwardness:

> These stories seem at times to be stories of a long-lost world when the city of New York was still filled with a river light, when you heard the Benny Goodman quartets from a radio in the corner stationery store, and when almost everybody wore a hat. Here is the last of that generation of chain smokers who woke the world in the morning with their coughing, who used to get stoned at cocktail parties and perform obsolete dance steps like "the Cleveland Chicken," sail for Europe on ships, who were truly nostalgic for love and happiness, and whose gods were as ancient as yours and mine, whoever you are.

I extract from this apologia two lines of defense. First, the datedness, the local color long gone, is itself a source of charm. I suspect this is true not only for Cheever's contemporaries but for readers my own age, who were born around the time he began to write these stories. The time just before our own entrance into the world is bound to be peculiarly fascinating to us: if we could understand it, we might be able to explain our parents, and hence come closer to persuading ourselves that we know why we are here.

Beyond this, I take with the utmost seriousness the final phrases quoted above, for it is Cheever's perception of the traits men hold perennially in common that makes his characters of lasting interest and makes a view of the stories as Eisenhower-era satire seem painfully obtuse. Cheever understands that it is at the root of the human condition to be "truly nostalgic for love and happiness." Nostalgia is not, to him, a fleeting or pastel shade of feeling but a determinant of character, at once a comfort and a bane. One of his characters says of himself and his wife, "We both come from that enormous stratum of the middle class that is distinguished by its ability to recall better times. Lost money is so much a part of our lives that I am sometimes reminded of expatriates, of a group who have adapted themselves energetically to some alien soil but who are reminded, now and then, of the escarpments of their native coast."

It is striking how often Cheever's men and women take refuge in memory from the depredations of the present, and it is not merely lost money but lost innocence that beckons them to look back. Adam and Eve, the original expatriates, no doubt felt what Cheever means by nostalgia, talking long into the night about the good old days after the little boys (those two who never got along) were safely put to bed. Cheever in his more topical aspect may recoil from the sleazy assaults on taste with which America is so plentifully supplied, but the deeper burden of his work is a revulsion touched with pity for the corruptions of heart and mind and will that are the heritage of the Fall. He is not a promoter of gentility but an explorer of the furthest reaches of our moral awareness.

If this analysis is correct, it is not surprising that his finer stories so often seem to transcend realism and assume the dimensions of myth. The knowing density of his descriptions of suburban enclaves or summer resorts, done with the wondering accuracy of a sensitive and humorous anthropologist, provides a context for characters and actions of archetypal significance. "Goodbye, My Brother," the first story in the collection, re-enacts the rivalry of Cain and Abel on an island off the coast of Massachusetts. In "The Swimmer," the protagonist's whim to swim across the county through his neighbors' pools leads him on an odyssey through time and toward the most devastating self-knowledge. "Torch Song" at first presents itself as a chronicle of the woes of woman as victim, with a background of swinging social life in New York in the 1930s and 1940s, but the story gradually transforms itself as we read, and it ends with a harsh mythic splendor, depicting the woman not as victim but as devourer—Lilith, the night hag, the "lewd and searching shape of death."

Without any obtrusiveness, and thus with maximum effect, the outlines of ancient fable emerge in such stories to cast a disquieting and clarifying light on the boredom and buzz of modern life. Not many American writers have been able without clumsiness to manage such shifts in focus from the temporal to the timeless. One thinks back to some of the tales of Hawthorne for a fit comparison.

Cheever is both more various and less solemn than I have so far made out. He can write a straightforward tragedy like "The Hartleys" without recourse to mythic effects; he can also be extremely funny, not only in his local details but at times in a story's major premise. "The Worm in the Apple" has a defiantly happy ending, and one savors the delight with which Cheever, after leading the reader to expect disaster for his characters at every turn, ends with "... they got richer and lived happily, happily, happily." His comic energy is robust, as perhaps it has to be to complement his awareness of the worst threats to human happiness. It comes out often enough in the slapstick or eccentricity of his characters' behavior. There is the former track star who hurdles furniture at cocktail parties, the housewife who joins the cast of a nude review called *Ozamanides II* ("I found myself in nakedness," she says), and the amazing Johnny Hake, who realizes his destiny for a brief time by becoming the housebreaker of Shady Hill.

What most communicates Cheever's comic spirit, though, is an exuberance in his style, in his own narrative voice. His prevailing tone is one of gusto, of a youthful appetite for experience, of an appreciation of the numerous incidental glories of existence. He loves weather and welcomes its changes. Asa Bascomb, the octogenarian poet in "The World of Apples" plans as his final work "a long poem on the inalienable dignity of light and air." One might say that Cheever has been writing such a poem in bits and pieces over the years beginning with the vision of the "harsh surface beauty of life" that concludes "Goodbye, My Brother":

> The sea that morning was iridescent and dark. My wife and my sister were swimming—Diana and Helen—and I saw their uncovered heads, black and gold in the dark water. I saw them come out and I saw that they were naked, unshy, beautiful, and full of grace, and I watched the naked women walk out of the sea.

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Cheever seems to have reached a plateau of versatility upon which he can make his style serve whatever purpose he desires. "The Death of Justina" begins with this sentence:

> So help me God it gets more and more preposterous, it corresponds less and less to what I remember and what I expect as if the force of life were centrifugal and threw one further and further away from one's purest memories and ambitions; and I can barely recall the old house where I was raised, where in midwinter Parma violets bloomed in a cold frame near the kitchen door, and down the long corridor, past the seven views of Rome—up two steps and down three—one entered the library, where all the books were in order, the lamps were bright, where there was a fire and a dozen bottles of good bourbon locked in a cabinet with a veneer like tortoise shell whose silver key my father wore on his watch chain.

This is fine, and the story ends just as finely by quoting the Twenty-third Psalm entire (in the Coverdale version). Is there another writer in America who could set his cadences without embarrassment side by side with those of the Book of Common Prayer?

Mastery of style can be abused, and Cheever does abuse it, I think, in some of the later stories in which he has more or less discarded plot (gotten bored with it?) and tries to take up the slack with an improviser's mannerisms. He can do it, but the effect is not satisfying: "Artemis, The Honest Well Digger" remains two stories despite attempts at suturing its two halves, and "The Jewels of the Cabots" is a heap of pearls in need of a connecting string. It is too much to expect that a reader should respond with equal enthusiasm to everything in a collection this large. With a few exceptions ("The Swimmer" and "The World of Apples") my favorite stories tend to be concentrated in the first two-thirds of the book. I find several later stories about Americans in Italy to be uncharacteristically tedious, and I wonder why it should be that Cheever treats the expatriate's plight compellingly as an incidental symbol but can't bring much interest to it when it is the central concern of a story. But why dwell on grievances when there is so much here to applaud? Even the weaker stories have their moments, and if one isn't content with being momentarily charmed, turning a few pages will turn up something harder to forget. We come to the end of a story: "Then it is dark; it is a night where kings in golden suits ride elephants over the mountains." □

The Hand That Holds The Ladle...

SAUL MALOFF

THE FLOUNDER. *By Gunter Grass. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 547 pp. $12.50.*

There are, of course, many ways of eating people. The prescribed way in the Late Neolithic period, and still serviceable for neo-primitive suburban cookouts, especially but not only if the meat is provided by the horde's recently de-

Saul Maloff, a novelist and critic, is working on a memoir of the McCarthy era.

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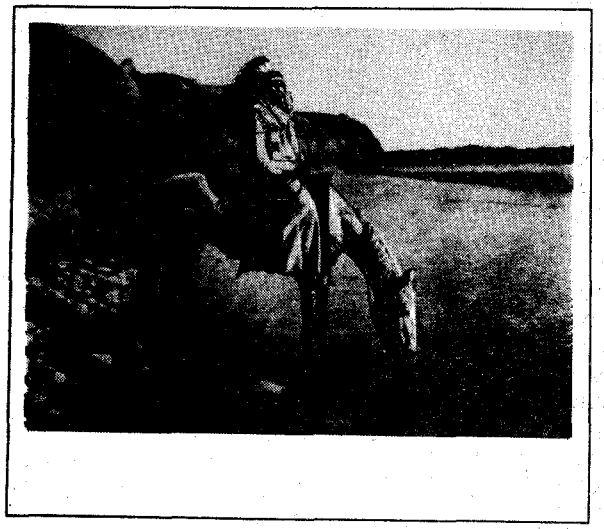

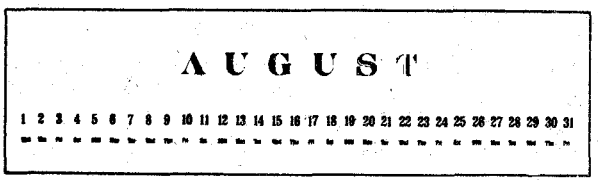

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ceased ur-mother, Asa, carnal thief of fire from the Sky Wolf, the sacred fire which created and sustained the matriarchy and enslaved men by reducing them to helpless dependency on women for warmth, comfort, porridge—the recipe, crudely simplified, is this: First, clean her rather thoroughly; then stuff her with her heart and liver to which mushrooms and juniper berries have been added; wrap the lot in a thumb's thickness of clay, bed on coals strewn with ashes, and cover over with ashes and coals. Roast until done. Then strike off the clay, fastidiously divide the portions, and eat reverently. The cook reports of his portion—a piece of the neck, the forefinger of the left hand, a bit of liver, and the barest portion of the middle breast—that it was not especially good; very like, in fact, a "superannuated cow." How a very young virgin springy to the touch and rampant with strong political opinions would be, we are not told, but if you know anything at all about Hasenpfeffer and/or tripe consummately executed by a master's hand, you should have little trouble imagining.

The cook is also the narrator-protagonist and author of Gunter Grass's fishy epic; that is to say, the narrating "I" is, among very many other things, a writer who is working on a vast historical novel-of-sorts called "The Flounder," a title he is commanded to fix to it by the very same Flounder.

Let me begin again; in dealing with Grass, as slippery a character as you're likely to find in the aquarium of contemporary letters, it is best to begin repeatedly. Lest you've forgotten, there's a Flounder, or an enchanted prince passing for one, in the Grimm Brothers' tale, "The Fisherman and His Wife," and this magical fish, like so many other flatfish, is a moralist and theologian and world-weary philosopher, godlike in his understanding of human depravity, greed, avarice, vaunting ambition. Grass's Flounder, who may be the Grimms' in another time-phase, is also caught by a fisherman, this time in the Neolithic era (the narrator-author in his earliest manifestation), and also promises to appear whenever summoned in exchange for his release. With this difference: Grass's Flounder, appearing in the midst of a triumphant matriarchal culture, sets out to wean the fisherman from the stultifying satiety—fields of plenty, bountiful flesh, eternal gushets—of the three-breasted females who nurture him into perpetual infantile cooing; to subvert placidity, domesticity, sweet stagnation, and institute instead a patriarchal society—private property, the subjugation of others, the State, that masterpiece of History. In short, to make History. Fire was not meant for cookery only or even primarily; it was destined for the great manly romance of war, conquest, empire—for the sword and cannon and swift beautiful death en masse. From the Stone Age to the Iron, the Bronze, the Copper. "Beget a son," the Flounder commands the fisherman, who didn't know because he'd been kept from knowing by the duplicitous earth mothers that that's what he'd been doing all those eons while performing the astonishing act. "Nature is sick of being submitted to with womanish passivity; it wants to be mastered by men....Hand down property."

Not surprisingly, the immortal Flounder (who is godlike if not God and holds the rank of *Weltgeist*) is hauled up before the Women's Tribunal (or Womenal) in our own time-phase on charges of male chauvinism throughout History, that male sickness—like his alter ego in the fairy tale a foul hissing misogynist, and very likely a premature Fascist. His actual trial—tribunal, presiding judge, prosecutor, defender, Revolutionary Advisory Council, a public representing the myriad factions of the feminist movement and splitting into new ones at every turn of events—is one of the narrative threads on which Grass hangs his immensely ambitious enterprise in—what?—heroic comedy or historical pathos, in any case a mock-epic or an epic for an unheroic age.

But from the outset, clearly, such a narrative poses aesthetic problems (there's no risk of going all whispery and posh in saying that, as Grass, a thoroughgoing, self-conscious artist from the beginning of his illustrious career with *The Tin Drum*, insists on raising them directly). How can such a conception avoid the perils of whimsy, archness, low clowning and buffoonery, mere fancifulness in the execution—a prank, or still less, a series of gags, on a vast scale? Add to this the evocation, for purposes of establishing the tradition in which he's writing and hopes to find an honorable place, of Rabelais, Cervantes, Sterne, Grimmelshausen (*Simplicissimus*) and the problems are greatly compounded.

Or, better, elucidated. For Grass has cast the widest net for catching his Flounder—the big, loose, sprawling form of the comic epic, commodious enough to hold without bursting a kind of universal history as seen from the vantage point of Grass's native Danzig (now Gdansk) in giant leaps through various time-phases from pre-history to the present; a wild history of cookery and food through the ages including learned discourses on tripe, mushroomery, stuffed heads and heads within heads, and other arcane concoctions animal, vegetable and unnamable; and the relations between men and women through the ages from the tri-mammary Eden to the Flounder's imposition of the curse. History, in behalf of the "male cause"—Christianity, the Reformation, Counter-Reformation, pestilence, famine, plague—the whole melancholy lot, including Romantic Love, the wiliest, most malignant form of sexual oppression. Nor does this exhaust the flood of motifs that fertilize and at times threaten to inundate the spreading plains; nor is it to mention the wonderfully suggestive, witty, elusive poems strewn about with a prodigal hand, enough of them to compose a volume in themselves. Everything goes in, yet nothing is extraneous, a strange bulky harmony and unity wrought of the most improbable elements.

The Flounder himself, oily sophist, slithering intellectual and litterateur that he is, best defines that tradition in one of his unctuous addresses to the Womenal. Seeking to curry favor with his judges, he tells them that one of the characters, a cooking abbess out of the Renaissance time-phase, a contemporary of Rabelais, would have been a worthy "female companion piece" to Gargantua. Why is it, he asks, that women are cast in *minor* comic roles—the grotesque old crone, the flighty chambermaid—and that it's always a man [Don Quixote, Tristram Shandy, Falstaff] who makes comic capital of our despair?" The judges will accuse him of "poor taste," of "cracking literary jokes at the expense of the world's oppressed women," and sternly remind him that they know the "so-called lords of creation find our fight for equal rights amusing."

Later, still arguing aesthetics rather deviously, the Flounder points out that women have always inspired men in their creative work, have always acted as indispensable muses—without women, there would be no art. Why not *male* muses? the judges ask. Flake by flake, scale by scale, argument by argument and time-phase by time-phase until all history has been encompassed and drastically revised, the Flounder is ground down by his adversaries. Ground down until Flounder-like, sensing the frying pan, sniffing out the blood lust of the ultras of the Revolutionary Advisory Council, he reverses his position. Yes, yes, they're right; what a blind fool he's been not to have seen it sooner. Ach, men, those vile creatures—just look at what they've made of History, a charnel house. He swears to abandon the "male cause" and all its works—war, carnage, rape, massacre, desecration—and hereafter devote himself entirely to the female cause, reserve his counsel for women only. If the truth were truly known, he assures them, he's always

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A stunning tribute to "the most exciting and tumultuous years (1935-39) in the American theatre"*

FREE, ADULT, UNCENSORED
The Living History of the Federal Theatre Project

Edited by John O'Connor and Lorraine Brown Foreword by JOHN HOUSEMAN

They were the glory years of American theatre history. With a pledge to perform "free, adult, uncensored" theatre, the Federal Theatre Project (FTP) of the Great Depression employed 12,000 artists and produced 830 stage plays and nearly 6000 radio plays. The names of those people whose careers were launched or established in the Federal Theatre read like a "who's who" of 20th century American stage and screen history, including:

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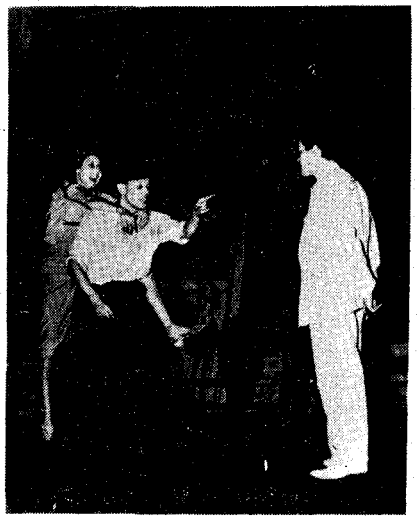
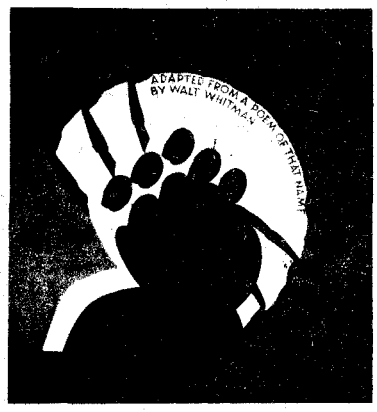
Will Geer
Arlene Francis
E.G. Marshall
Burt Lancaster
Arthur Miller
John Houseman
Howard da Silva



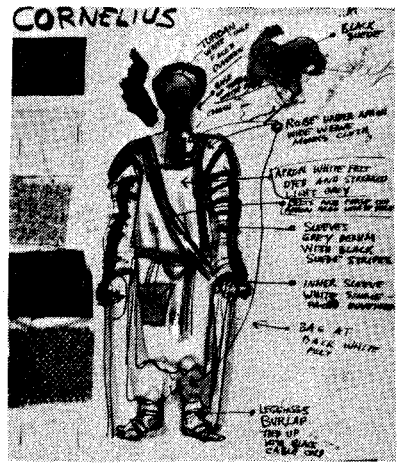
Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles in a 1936 rehearsal for "Horse Eats Hat"

Now, almost 40 years after the closing of the FTP, its voluminous files—production notebooks, newspaper clippings, poster art and set and costume designs—have at last been edited and reproduced in this stunningly illustrated history and scrapbook called **FREE, ADULT, UNCENSORED: The Living History of the Federal Theatre Project.**



Poster art from the book

Established as a relief agency in 1935 under the Works Progress Administration, the Federal Theatre dramatized the social, economic and cultural issues of the Depression. Under the tutelage of National Director Hallie Flanagan, it drew enthusiastic audiences to see the powerful "Living Newspaper" plays: incisive commentaries on poverty, labor unions, energy, housing, agriculture, unemployment and war. These "Living Newspaper" plays were the forerunners of today's television documentaries.



Costume design from the book

The FTP was an irresistible target of the House Un-American Activities Committee and when Congress failed to appropriate sufficient funds in 1939, the FTP was forced to shut down.

But with the publication of **FREE, ADULT, UNCENSORED** the glorious legacy of the Federal Theatre will live on forever.

"History works in mysterious ways; like bulbs that seem quite dead in the fall and amaze us with their blooms in the spring—it may be that our current theatrical renaissance can, in part, trace its origin to Hallie Flanagan's Federal Theatre—not so much to the actual structure that Congress condemned and dismantled in 1939 as to the spirit that animated it, the hope it offered, and the creative energy that it so miraculously generated. Vivid examples of that spirit and energy can be found in the pictures, memories, and original material contained in this beautiful and valuable book."

—JOHN HOUSEMAN
*The New York Times**

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been a radical feminist, and now he wants the world to know.

For all the exuberance and comic inventiveness, despair lies palpably close to the roiling surface, always within reach of, sounding against and darkening the comedy. At the points of intolerable pressure, unmediated despair breaks through the surface, the tone sometimes verging on polemic, as if Grass will not permit himself the liberty of allowing the imagination to intervene between his sense of horror and his direct expression of sorrow and outrage. In one of his incarnations the narrator is Vasco da Gama returned to contemporary India not in search of spices but to see what has come of his imperial depredations. One risks nothing in surmising that Grass himself must have gone to India on some sort of "cultural exchange," as his Vasco, now a writer, does; and, overwhelmed by the experience, has come back to tell it all: the look and smell of Calcutta, "the city that eats its own excrement," the bloated bellies and rotting corpses, the terminally stricken villages of the outback—all of it a mortally wounded giant.

If Grass cannot bear to make comic capital of such despair, others can make it pretty. The Brahmin ladies in his audience nibble pine nuts, inquire politely about the women's liberation movement in Europe, "read one another (in English) poems about flowers, monsoon clouds" and an English lady (in a sari) "lisps impressions of her travels in India." Outside the windows of the gracious apartments, the slums of Calcutta, a "shitpile" crawling with "white-shirted maggots," stare blankly in. And throughout the book, sounding a steady note in the midst of the encyclopedic obsession with provender and nourishment, there runs a utopian dream, conceived by a socialist cook who reveres the great August Bebel, of a universal kitchen steaming with magical soups in everlastingly overflowing kettles that will feed the world forever.

Now it would be as foolish to identify this dream in any literal sense with Grass's political vision as it would be to suppose that the "compromise formulation" of the Womenal in mediating the contending views of the feminist factions reflect Grass's views: if the matriarchy had not succumbed to the patriarchate, "mankind would be more pacific, more sensitive, more creative though free from individual aspirations, more affectionate, more just despite abundance, and thanks to the absence of male ambition less hectic and more serene: moreover there would be no state." The "evidence" of the novel is equivocal, though weighted, one feels, on the side of a powerful longing to affirm both the latent and manifest content of this declaration, however hedged round with ironic inflation and self-nullifying elements. Grass is far too wily a novelist to declare himself directly, of course; but it is our business to attend to the tale rather than to the teller.

The teller, however, is a prominent figure on the German and European Left—a democratic socialist and not merely a sentimental one, for years an advocate of and active campaigner for Willy Brandt's version of social democracy. In the novel he pays homage to his old friend and colleague as a legitimate heir to the mantle of Bebel and indeed to the entire history of the German socialist movement from its beginnings to the present in a voice that is dead serious, at times almost reportorial, including remarks on Kautsky and Bernstein and the "revisionist" controversy, and a moving scene in which the great socialist visionary and cook, author of the regrettably unpublished and sorely needed *Proletarian Cook Book*, travels to Zurich for the funeral of Bebel and on the journey meets the sainted Rosa Luxemburg. Fortunately, Grass gives us the revolutionary cook's incendiary speech to the bourgeois cooks which begins: "Fellow workers! Your cooking lacks historical awareness"; but tragically the cook's manuscript itself, written on the backs of old leaflets and strike proclamations and filled with class-conscious commentaries attacking bourgeois cookery with its "take-a-dozen-eggs ideology"—the manuscript is lost to History though it lives no doubt in the mind and taste buds of the prodigiously gifted Grass.

How do you end this magnificent sprawl? Where it begins, with History, where art and politics meet. Even under Hitler (in an obvious reference to himself Grass introduces a "certain" little boy, "pounding furiously on his tin drum" in 1934 in his native city of Danzig), people must be fed; and the consummate proletarian cook of cooks, now ancient, "cursed into the air between ladleful and ladleful, yet dished out fairly and without so much as a glance at anyone's coat collar." People must be fed! In 1939 she cooks kosher soups for the poor East European Jews waiting in vain for visas that will never come; and thrown into a concentration camp she goes on cooking for Jews, for "politicals," for ordinary prisoners, to the end quoting to anyone who will listen from the works of Bebel "who, as though no time had elapsed, was still her chairman"—until she is beaten to death by a *Kapo* she catches pilfering from her rations of margarine and beef fat. When Danzig burns during the Soviet occupation, her unknown classic burns with it.

The most mournful note is struck where History ends—again and again throughout its great span like the tolling of a bell. In 1970, in the Polish shipbuilding city of Gdansk, formerly Danzig, workers committed the unthinkable act of demonstrating against a steep rise, abruptly imposed, in the price of staples. They struck; what is more they struck in the name of socialism; and as if that weren't slanderous enough, they read out passages from *The Communist Manifesto* to the party's troops who thereupon, acting of course on orders from above, shot them down quite efficiently. That is where History ends.

But not the devious Flounder's, sole survivor of all wars. Convicted as charged but his life spared by a compassionate judge, and slippery as ever, he is now set up in business as ideologist, strategist and tactician for women—"their" *Weltgeist*. The fraught moment arrives; he counsels women. But for the first time we do not hear the garrulous "age-old, dark, wrinkled, pebbly-skinned" flatfish. The narrator hears the conversation but cannot make out its meaning: "my Flounder no longer," he notes gravely, "her Flounder." She hears the fish perfectly well; but the narrator cannot even "guess at those categorical finalities." All day long they talk, the *Weltgeist* and the ur-woman. She laughs—at what we do not know and cannot guess. At last she gives the Flounder back to the Baltic till next time; enigmatically turns; and overlooking the jittery waiting man also oversteps him. "Already," he says in the last, necessarily ambiguous lines, "she passed me by. I ran after her."

The future looks intolerably bleak or brighter than we deserve, depending on which sea you swim in, and which Flounder you listen to. Grass, who probably knows the future as well as he does the past and present—the transfiguring ingredients of the immortal soup—isn't saying. □

Rediscovering Political Economy

ALAN WOLFE

It is always amusing to watch the reactions of economists when the economy itself intervenes and upsets their diagrams. And it is al-

Alan Wolfe works at the Institute for the Study of Social Change, University of California (Berkeley). His most recent publication is The Limits of Legitimacy *(The Free Press).*

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most, if not quite, as pleasurable a pastime to see political scientists speculate about power without reference to wealth. Unfortunately for the cynics but happily for everyone else, economists can no longer ignore reality, and political observers have been forced to watch the economy. The result has been an outpouring of books dealing with important themes of political economy. And the books, remarkably enough, are not bound by political ideology. Liberals, conservatives and Marxists alike have recently given rise to some exceptionally lively debates about the prospects of contemporary capitalist societies.

As might be expected, the quality of these books varies greatly. One of the worst, a model of how to substitute biased political ideology for open-minded analysis, is a hastily written effort called *Can Government Go Bankrupt?* (Basic Books). The authors, Richard Rose and Guy Peters, argue that *political* bankruptcy occurs when citizens withdraw positive feelings from their leaders. Such a condition is likely to take place when economies are mismanaged. Rose and Peters offer, in bald form, a Cook's tour of what is wrong with economic theorizing. It never occurs to them that citizens may actually *want* social services because they view such benefits as part of their income, even if it means less take-home pay. English workers know, even if Rose and Peters do not, that they would have to pay for health care out of their own salaries if the government did not provide it, and that it would be far more expensive if paid for privately. Any English government would face a morale problem by trying to eliminate the health service, not by trying to extend it. Like many economists, Rose and Peters do not know how to incorporate collective benefits into their analysis. They have a model of individual maximization that cannot calculate the value of good health care, or a safe environment on the job, or a lack of air pollution. Although they call themselves political economists, they are not really dealing with politics, for their conception of human nature does not admit of politically motivated action.

A right-wing bias in favor of cutbacks in social spending colors every single page of this book. The authors join the doomsayers about Britain, but that country, as Bernard Nossiter argues in his recently published *Britain: A Future That Works* (Houghton Mifflin), is experiencing a surprising upturn. They describe Sweden as a socialist country, when it has one of the highest percentages of privately owned resources of any country in the world. They call Herbert Hoover a fiscal conservative, although, as Herbert Stein among others has argued, Hoover anticipated many of the features of deficit spending. Rose and Peters, in a word, wish to make a case for a political outcome and they present a lawyer's brief in order to do so. But since their client—big business—has been in the wrong, there is not much they can say. They make the best case they can, but one should not be confused and conclude that they are analyzing. They are advocating.

Far more analytical are two other books by non-Marxist political scientists that attempt to explain specific features of the economies of advanced capitalist societies. Edward R. Tufte's *Political Control of the Economy* (Princeton University Press) examines the degree to which a "political business cycle" can be said to exist. According to theories that ultimately derive from the Polish Left-Keynesian economist Michael Kalecki, capitalist governments attempt to manipulate the economy in order to insure better election results. Just before an election, policy makers will expand economic activity in order to reduce the rate of unemployment, but in between elections they slow down the economy in order to win the support of big business. What Tufte tries to do is to find out whether such a pattern, in fact, exists. He concludes that it does.

Tufte's book demonstrates that statistical analysis and quantitative social science need not be meaningless. While some of his data may be questionable, he is far more sensitive than most social scientists to the interrelations of economics and politics. And even more remarkable, he is willing to lay the blame for economic mismanagement on some of the "sleazier" aspects of policy making, rather than—as so many economists do—on the "voracious" appetites of ordinary citizens. My problem with Tufte's book is mainly ethical: is the publication of results such as these likely to encourage politicians to engage in more of the same manipulation or will it, as Tufte hopes, bring the practice to an end by exposing it? Social science of this sort has implications for policy, and some attention to those implications is as necessary for social scientists as it is for, say, genetic researchers.

Defending the National Interest, by Stephen D. Krasner (also Princeton University Press) concerns U.S. foreign policy, particularly the policy adopted by the United States toward investments in the raw materials of other countries. Through an analysis of case studies, Krasner attempts to assess the validity of several different theoretical approaches to U.S. foreign policy. He is an extremely effective critic of all approaches but his own. A firm believer in the statist approach, Krasner argues that the sum total of the evidence presented in his case studies is best explained by the attempts of government to maintain the national security, to minimize the price of raw materials and to assure a source of supply. He effectively demolishes the arguments of both liberals and instrumental Marxists. But beyond that point, it is simply a matter of interpretation. Nothing in his analysis is incompatible with structural Marxism, for the notion of a national interest can be interpreted as an expression of the overall needs of a capitalist society projected outward onto the world. The point, it seems to me, is to integrate an understanding of the modern state into an understanding of modern capitalist dynamics, not to posit one or the other. Krasner, perhaps inadvertently, begins to do this, and for that reason, his is one of the better books published by a political scientist in recent years.

The Political Economy of Inflation, edited by Fred Hirsch and John H. Goldthorpe (Harvard University Press), is a collection of papers from a conference held at the University of Warwick in 1976. The quality here is uneven, but the book contains essays by Charles Maier and by the editors that are superb. These argue that inflation must be understood in the context of the social and political struggles that take place around it. Maier, for example, points out that moderate inflation has the impact of postponing class conflict.

Goldthorpe traces inflation to a "maturing" of the working class; workers are now less deferential. Clearly, such developing political sophistication should be praised, but because capitalist societies like docility in their workers, they must condemn it. So they blame the "uppity" working class for inflation. Goldthorpe brilliantly devastates the ideological underpinnings of such arguments.

Finally, the late Fred Hirsch, who died shortly after this volume was assembled, argues that inflation can be viewed as a breakdown of the ideological consensus surrounding a society. His arguments constitute an important advance in political economy. His death deprives the world of one of the outstanding non-Marxist economists of the postwar period.

Like *The Political Economy of Inflation, Marx and the Metropolis*, edited by William K. Tabb and Larry Sawers (Oxford University Press), is the result of a conference, this one at the New School for Social Research in 1975. Some outstanding papers are included. David M. Gordon offers a historical account of capitalist development in the United States and its relationship to urban

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forms. He distinguishes commercial, industrial, and corporate cities from one another, and points out that the current symptoms of "fiscal crisis" and "the rise of the sunbelt" are part of a long-developing historical process.

Other essays deal with the role of metropolitan government in a capitalist society (Ann Markusen), suburbanization (Patrick Ashton), urban development in the postwar period (John Mollenkopf), housing (Michael Stone) and the fiscal crisis (Richard Hill and William Tabb). Collectively, the essays demonstrate that most discussions of the urban fiscal crisis are marred by the fact that what is under discussion is neither urban, fiscal nor a crisis. One may conclude that the problems facing our cities are not urban because they are part and parcel of U.S. capitalism as a whole; are not fiscal because they reflect social and economic priorities, and are not a crisis because they have been developing for quite some time and are an aspect of "urbanization as usual" in the United States. The city does not stand alone.

Finally, Vincente Navarro's little book, *Class Struggle, the State, and Medicine* (Prodist), applies a Marxist perspective to that most sacrosanct of bourgeois professions, doctoring. Navarro's book deals with the British National Health Service, but it has direct implications for the United States. Navarro avoids the two dominant cliches that attempt to account for the NHS. One, well articulated by conservatives, is that English medicine is socialistic and therefore inefficient if not immoral. The other, advanced from the Left, is that the NHS is a sellout, an attempt by the English ruling class to deceive the workers into thinking that the system will take care of them. While he leans toward the latter view, Navarro's argument is more sophisticated. He tries to show that NHS, although operating in a profit-making capitalist society, is a genuine victory for the working class, a reflection of the power of their votes in a formally democratic society. Navarro's history and analysis of the English system will no doubt be a valuable contribution to the continuing debate over health care in the United States.

If these six books are any indication, then political economy should be a lively field so long as the present economic crisis lasts. This liveliness may have to take place outside academia, as it so often does. It seems as if the social scientists in the United States are tired of being critical and relevant and want to go back to number crunching and pseudo-scientific irrelevance as quickly as possible. In the last two or three years, as a profound counterrevolution has been taking place in economics, political science and sociology, those disciplines have tried to purge themselves of the radicals coming up through the system and beginning to qualify for tenure and other academic rewards. Decisions to expel them (including some of the people represented in the Tabb and Sawers volume) may make departments feel more comfortable, but they will also keep out of the universities the kind of analysis that the economic conditions of the present demand. It won't be the first time that Americans have placed ideological conformity higher on their scale of values than insight and awareness. □

A Year's Poetry

HAYDEN CARRUTH

Which books of poetry have I enjoyed the most this year? It is a miscellaneous selection, as usual with me, incomplete and arbitrarily limited. In the early part of the year I received a good many published in 1977; I will omit them. Moreover my table now is crowded with books received during the past three or four months, some of which I know I will enjoy, though I haven't had time to read them. But my list is still long. I shall deal with it as briefly as I can.

First, however, please remember that a poem which gives pleasure may not be a masterpiece. With poetry, this proviso always seems necessary; people's expectations are too high. As someone who loves poetry, I take pleasure in any work that is really well done, though for many reasons, simple and obscure, it may be a work of limited value *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Adrienne Rich's new book, *The Dream of a Common Language* (Norton), may be a masterpiece. So I think, at any rate, and I reviewed it very enthusiastically a couple of months ago. The response has been enormous, mostly thoughtful and friendly, yet a majority of the letters have taken exception to my judgment of Rich's work on the grounds of her basis in militant feminism. I deplore this. I wonder at it. I can and do read Yeats, whom I think the best poet of the century, with great pleasure, yet I have no use for his neo-gnostic fatuities and I suspect if I had met the man himself I wouldn't have liked him.

Every poet who is any good writes out of a personal configuration of cultural, social and religious needs. He or she *must* do so; poetry is not froth, it is substance. The job of a good poet is to turn that personal view into a generally humane value, and to do it through the quality of the poetry. This is what Rich has done. The sequence of sonnetlike love poems that is the centerpiece of her book is work of very high quality indeed, a superb example of its genre, and the fact that the lovers in question are lesbians *ought* not to interfere with the reading pleasure of anyone who can recognize that quality. It does, however, and I'd be a fool not to know why. Rich is closer to us in time than Yeats; her views are a public issue as well as a personal belief. But I still say that in the consideration of her poetry this is irrelevant. Not that lesbianism is unimportant to the poem, since it is the substance from which the feeling springs; but what is more important is Rich's great poetic talent, which has made beautiful and powerful lines of poetry that transmute her feeling into universal sympathy and understanding, if only for a moment. Nor does this seem to me anything so terribly outrageous after all.

Intelligence in poetry is not a common quality, especially in these anti-intellectual times . But it is something I have always valued highly. I don't mean rationality, but rather the fact that, as W.C. Williams said, ideas are sensuous. When Williams wrote, "no ideas but in things," he did not mean, as many believe, that there is no poetry but in things, and the difference is radically important. Walter Hall understands it, as he shows in *Miners Getting Off the Graveyard* (Burning Deck), a book full of hard life, hard feeling, and hard thought, yet lyrical in its hardness. Hall mixes his vocabularies, ideational to sensual, with consummate skill in forms that have their own hardness too, a combination of free syntax and somewhat traditional prosody. His book has given me much pleasure and I hope his work will become better known.

Audre Lorde's *The Black Unicorn* (Norton) is another kind of book, which almost makes me reverse myself. The truth is, I don't care much for her writing, which seems far too close to the commonplace. (One wonders why contemporary Afro-American poets haven't learned more of the real eloquence, tribally based, of their Caribbean and African colleagues, especially those who write in French.) Yet few poets are better equipped than Lorde to drive their passion through the gauzy softness of commonplace diction and prosody. One can't help being absorbed in it. Her best

Hayden Carruth is poetry editor of Harper's *and the author of* Brothers, I Loved You All *(Sheep Meadow Press), another book which brought him pleasure in 1978.*

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poems move me deeply.

Transparencies (Countryman Press) is the second book of Judith Johnson Sherwin's sequence called *Waste*, calmer and more loving than the first book, *The Town Scold*. Chiefly it leads in the direction of married semi-bliss, with reservations along the way, and with more poems than I would prefer cast into cute typographical displays: semi-bliss and semi-concretism. But the total effect is what counts, and this is the language, which holds its own in one's final impression, eloquence and wit joined together naturally and spontaneously. Sherwin has her own lighthearted tragic view, not quite like any other I know. One feels like giving thanks in some special way to this sensibility hanging on so fragilely yet courageously.

Duane Locke is the leader of a "school" of poets called Immanentists, and what they profess to believe I have never figured out; but it doesn't matter. Locke's new poem, *Foam on Gulf Shore* (University of Tampa) is a long, seven-part fantasy, the new vision of Aphrodite in Florida, so to speak, written in free-ranging Whitmanesque measures that really do evoke, without the least antiquarian tone, a kind of aesthetic optimism, which is, to say the least, refreshing in these times. A recommendable pleasure.

Death in Lobster Land (Great Raven Press) is a new collection of Leo Connellan's tough-minded, hard-written poems about Maine fishermen and blueberry farmers, the total opposite of the tourist's Deer Isle or Boothbay. Poverty, drink and rough sex are his themes; death is the perpetual context; the tone is bitter, and the writing a kind of sardonic naturalism restrained by profound literary awareness. Vituperation, given Connellan's view, would be enough, and the effectiveness of his work comes partly from the surprise of poetry, that this voice, like Villon's, can speak in measure. For Aristotle, measure meant wisdom.

Clayton Eshleman has written forty books in twenty years. One could make a career out of reading them. His early work, full of esoteric allusions to Oriental and Latin American mythologies, was hard to follow, at least for me, but recently he has simplified his vision, i.e., relied more on his own intuition, though cultural input is still important to him. In *What She Means* (Black Sparrow) Eshleman pursues the basic theme of all his work, hs own transition from an all-American fraternity nitwit, "butchered by his parents," into a poetically aware sexist, and finally into the mythologist of Reichean harmony. He asks what *she* means. He answers: everything—time, thought, the very air, humanity itself, the life and breath of the mythologist and his essential insight. Which is a considerable oversimplification of Eshleman's culturally complex vision, containable only in his poems, these structures "from" Lescaux and Tenochtitlan and California. See "The Dragon Rat Tail" and the elegy for Clifford Brown's last gig and many others. They are possibly the newest poems in America.

John Perlman's *Swath* (Elizabeth Press) is a much simpler production, yet in the "open field" convention of Eshleman and now so many others. It simply conveys the information of a short journey and a visit. It makes one think how basic information is and what the word really means, fact giving or endowing form—the active inverse of Sullivan's "form follows function." And because Perlman's facts are the world's beauty, his poem partakes of them.

Ralph J. Mills, Jr., has apparently given up the criticism for which he was known for years, and has now published several small collections of poems, modest and original, works crafted in the true artisan's essential anonymity. Some of his poems have touched me deeply, and there are more of them in his new booklet, *Night Road/Poems* (Rook Press), than in any earlier ones. One of the things one misses in much poetry is some of the poet's selfless devotion. In the poems of Mills it is very much there.

Work on *A Poet's Bible*, the translation from ancient versions into contemporary American, continues with David Rosenberg's *Lightworks* (Harper & Row), his version—and vision—of Isaiah. Like his earlier translations of the Psalms and Job, this new work is remarkable. Infinitely complex threads connect the greatest ancient prophet of the West to our own lyrical and terrified consciousness. Rosenberg's poems reach along them, spiderlike, in mobile figures of our own vocabulary. It is a superb performance.

The best single poem I have read this year is James Laughlin's "In Another Country," which is the title poem of his new book (City Lights). In its apparently small, simple narrative it gathers and condenses virtually all of modern poetic technique, considered as the instrument of sensibility. A great poem, which I have read many times—the first, five or six years ago in manuscript. Laughlin's book contains also a selection of earlier work, going back forty years, a choice made by Robert Fitzgerald, and includes poems which have been favorites of mine for a long, long time.

The only foreign poet I have placed on my list is Enrique Lihn, the Chilean poet who is probably, after Neruda, the favorite of his countrymen, and whose *The Dark Room and Other Poems* (New Directions) has been translated by Jonathan Cohen, John Felstiner and David Unger. The translations are literal and colloquial, which seems to work better with Spanish than with any other language; I don't know why. But they give a good sense of Lihn's versatility and amplitude. Volubility, in spite of the Iowa Workshop, is not an automatic detriment; sometimes—rather often in the whole of the tradition—it is a delight, an orchestral gratification. It is one element among others that I have especially enjoyed in Lihn's poems, which are certain to become better known in this country before long.

Life in the Forest (New Directions), Denise Levertov's new book, reached me only a couple of days ago. I've read about half of it. Levertov has been my favorite contemporary poet for twenty years, and I find nothing in what I've read so far to disappoint me; quite the contrary. She continually deepens her poetic insight, for she has the trick of genuine meditation, not, by any means, T.M., but the absorption and real study of experience. Look at "A Mystery," "A Daughter," "Death Psalm." But I have written many times about Levertov's poetic achievements. Let me say here that she is rare among poets I know because she is an interesting person—she is interesting, I mean, in the fullest degree, and it shows, if inevitably less in her writing than in her life, nevertheless more in her writing than in anyone else's.

Taken as a whole, the most powerful book I have read this year is William Heyen's *The Swastika Poems* (Vanguard). Much has been written about the fate of the Jews under Hitler, including much that may derive more directly from it, as in the peoms of Nelli Sachs. But I know no other book so firmly integrated, drawn from Heyen's own childhood, his family, his visits to the death sites, his studies and writings over ten years. Sober and chilling, songs in shadowed measures, each leading forward into intenser realizations, darker clarities, these poems will invade your dreams. Murder, Heyen says, massive, utterly insane murder. And then, who am I, the remnant? Who is the poet? Why and how does he exist?

Theodore Enslin is another extremely prolific poet who has produced scores of short sequences and several book-length works, although he himself refers to the entire work as "the poem," the single complex continuum. This year came *Tailings* (Pentagram Press), a handsomely made booklet of poems about Los Organos, the mountains of southern New Mexico. Brief poems, they are often lovely in their structural harmonies, showing, in their attention to inter-

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vals and breath-spaces, Enslin's experience as a composer—the beat, the sound, the silence. Also this year I especially enjoyed *Occurrence*, #8, devoted to a retrospective anthology selected from all Enslin's work. (Obtainable from 96 McKinley Avenue, Lansdowne, Pa. 19050.)

A book from the northwest that somehow escapes the punch-drunk bitter sentimentalism we have come to associate with poetry from that region is Dean Phelps's *The Serum of the Water* (Holmgangers Press). Phelps is another poet who writes with the kind of imaginative intelligence I mentioned before, the mind at work in the senses. But mainly, Phelps, who is a new discovery for me, is just a damned fine poet. His lines are real lines, his syntax rolls against them and with them, his diction is acute and original, his tone is compressed and powerful. There is a sense in which all good poetry can be, though it need not be, declaimed, chanted. I find this in Phelps, with much more that pleasures my ear and mind. He is a man in his 50s who has apparently been writing for years, far off, out of the main current. But he deserves a wider audience. □

The Presentation Of Self

RICHARD HOWARD

SEEING THROUGH CLOTHES. *By Anne Hollander. The Viking Press. 504 pp. $25.*

The splendors or the spoils from Dresden are in New York this season, among them the celebrated early Vermeer of a lady reading at the window. The table forbidding access to her is covered with a sumptuous but mussed-up Oriental tapestry and, hanging from a slender rod crossing the entire top of the painting (the rod is painted to deceive: it is perhaps part of the room into which we look, perhaps part of the world of the frame), is a wondrously rendered curtain gathered to the left. If you had read Anne Hollander's grandly written and grandly conceived exploration before visiting the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Vermeer would account for itself in a far more enterprising way than ever before. Of course I wouldn't have thought it necessary to read her book for I know the author and have benefited over the years from her art-historical *sagesse*. But I would have been wrong, for *Seeing Through Clothes* transcends the intimations of friendship. Reading it and thinking about that Vermeer, you would discover, or realize (so persuasive is her manner), that the curtain may cover an opening or it may cover the picture itself, its ambiguity being its purpose. It claims a place in the letter-reader's world *and* in ours, defining not only her presence but her distance.

As Ms. Hollander says (about another picture altogether): "The drapery does not frame her or hang over and behind the subject; instead it seems to accompany her rather like a beautifully dressed spouse. There are many cases of such living, breathing drapery, like a presence brought into existence to speak a poetic language of its own...." Our author is not speaking of the Vermeer but she has enabled us to see something in the Vermeer we had not known was there. As she does in the case of the Oriental rug: "This visual formula has sufficed ever since to indicate a general atmosphere of stateliness and ease, with overtones of historical or mythological reference. Some modern decorative motifs are reflections of this early Baroque theme: shop windows displaying *bibelots*, silver and china will often show the objects set in cascading puddles of mussed-up taffeta. These alone, an echo of the 17th century, create a tangible whiff of raw elegance that would not be present if the same stuff were spread out flat."

As for Vermeer's lady herself, not only her clothes and her hair but her reflection in the glass of the open casement are sharpened in our perception of them by Ms. Hollander's immense undertaking, for it has been her study to set forth, in a half-dozen inclusive chapters, Drapery, Nudity, Undress, Costume, Dress, Mirrors, no less than an utter epistemology of cloth and clothing (which must account, of course, for the *absence* of clothing in its normal contexts—the nude is always in costume), and so brilliantly yet so unabrasively has she achieved her purpose that I would make for her—as the example of the Vermeer suggests—the supreme claim that her book will make our experience of art, as well as of clothes, more interesting and more significant without our ever having to remember the novelties of her discourse or endeavoring to apply them. This is a book which becomes part of our education.

The principal charge of this very rich work (its asides would be the making of many smaller theses: the matter has been *brooded over*, and only the vivacity of the prose keeps the expertise from dragging us down, now and again) is that clothes (and the bodies sometimes divested of them) are experienced through art: "The way clothes look depends not on how they are designed or made but on how they are perceived; and I have tried to show that the perception of clothing at any epoch is accomplished not so much directly as through a filter of artistic convention .... Dressing is always picture making, with reference to actual pictures that indicate how the clothes are to be perceived." In this, Anne Hollander participates in the great critical enterprise of our incomparable modernity—to demystify the many ideologies which seek to persuade us to take for "nature" what is, in fact, "culture"; her book, then, is essentially liberating in its *propos*, for it reveals the terrorism of a given taste to be just that; one cannot read her pages on the uses of black or on hair as erotic clothing without an exhilaration in the memory of one's mother going out to dinner, or in the anticipation of one's next "permanent."

Though there is nothing of the debunker in her, there is a penetrating wit, a willingness to see not only through clothes but through skin itself, to elementals underlying what we thought we could take for granted. For example: "Venus may strain to look at her own rear, but the tradition of male beauty prohibits certain varieties of self-consciousness. Presumably, Narcissus looked only at his front view. The male

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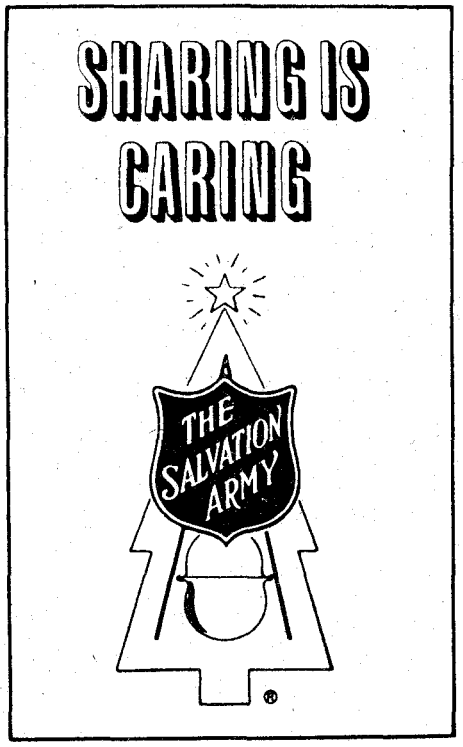

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ehind is traditionally at least an unconscious charm, and so it appeals as a ign of submissive and receptive sexuality even more than the female version loes. It is also fleshy even on the slimnest body and soft even on the most nuscular: its erotic power is ensured."

Such writing, which suggests Lord Clark at his grandest—and indeed Ms. Hollander has found her models in Clark and Ruskin more frequently than n the languid abstractions of sociology; he does not invoke Marx, or even Roand Barthes, to account for the cycles of ashion's reversals—suggests that this is ne of those books which is the result of a assion, even of an obsession, rather han the subject of a dissertation or a aid on the modish vocabulary of inside lope. There is a joy in its explorations, a efusal to condemn or dismiss (whether he speaks of movie coiffures, the advent f underpants for women in the mid-9th century, or Pre-Raphaelite dra-ery), which only the largest intellecual discourses can accommodate. In er thirst to anatomize what we do, what we have done, Ms. Hollander sugests two modern books which have disinct analogies to her own—Hannah Arendt's *Human Condition* and Charles Rosen's *Classical Style.* These are books which we no longer criticize for their inidental negligences of fact, errors of information (that Arendt never mentions Freud and his discoveries in a book with uch a title, that Rosen generalizes bout "every performer today" from his wn stiff-necked case, has no effect on ur ultimate assent), nor do we read hem because of mere felicities of style though that certainly helps). We read uch books because their authors have een imaginatively possessed by their naterial, by a mastery of their subject n both senses of mastery, so that we in urn must submit to the force of mind xerted, the joy of understanding.

In speaking as I have just now of what we do, what we have done," I nean to suggest one of the sources of nne Hollander's strength, one of the ualities of discourse which will make er book a classic. She does not patronze the past by suggesting its superiority o a dreary present, and she does not nagnify the present by proposing its nomentary triumph over the follies of a elpless past. She has sustained a vision which is very rare among American stuents of art, and singular among Ameriian students of society—a vision ependent upon a radical notion of what t is to be human. By radical I mean leep-rooted, even long-suffering, as vell as extreme and sweeping. It is a vision of visions, so to speak, a consciousness that we live by images. Near the nd of her book, she "defends" her subject, and defines thereby the importance of her extraordinary enterprise: "Because they always have a particular way of looking (clothes always register), and because they are committed to change in form through time, clothes might be easily grouped with the so-called minor arts and be considered along with other objects connected with changing social behavior: china and silver, tables and chairs—or with architecture, the mold of life. But clothes are separated from all other objects by being inseparable from the self. They give a visual aspect to consciousness itself, not to its surroundings. They produce its look as seen from within. Dress has clearly much to do with people's deep theatrical impulses, their desire to be costumed characters, especially because it functions only in wear and in motion, unlike the static objects with which its style may be associated."

It becomes difficult to stop quoting, for this author is vivid and apothegmatic, as well as exhaustive and resourceful. Her book—freighted with hundreds of illustrations, and fragrant with that rare wit which Dr. F.R. Leavis used to call the illumination of a focused intelligence—is of course about the history of art's government of the eye. But more significantly, I think, it is about how by wearing clothes we have gone about "making a self-conscious individual image, an image linked to all other imaginative and idealized visualizations of the human body." Anne Hollander's book is about a distinctive human enterprise, observed with passionate understanding and more than passing knowledge. It is a work of great wisdom, and I urge you to read it—it will refresh your life, and not merely the next time you look at a Vermeer. □

The Respectable Coffee Table

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The notion that industrialized democracy is producing a breed of nonreaders is widely held. I know the tendency and deplore it too, but what about the fact that art books continue to appear, many with specialized, not just appreciative, texts? It can be said against such books that they function to service the art market but, if so, it is a market that is not being eroded by illiteracy.

The big picture book format, as it has prospered since World War II, earned its own name, the coffeetable book. But the recent big book on *The Mind and Art of Giovanni Battista Piranesi* by John Wilton-Ely (Thames and Hudson. 391 black-and-white illustrations. 304 pp. $39.95), which looks like and is a coffeetable book physically, also has a serious text. John Wilton-Ely opposes Kenneth Clark's pop view of the artist as a pre-Romantic and argues for a rationalistic and classicizing view of Piranesi, setting him firmly in a solid and complex neoclassical milieu. The book has a wealth of dizzy architectural plates, of course, but they are from two sources which they cover completely. Thus even the illustrations have a systematic base.

As the foreground subjects got used up by picture books it became necessary to subdivide standard subjects into more specialized units from, say, Picasso, to Picasso's Blue Period, to Picasso's bullfight imagery. Inevitably, this expansion of subject matter soon included neglected subjects. Vienna was rehabilitated, though Munich, crucial in the 19th century, is still awaiting its turn. The School of Paris is thus given company that stresses the international character and diverse sources of modern art. The latest information on Viennese art is Christian M. Nebehay's *Ver Sacrum 1898-1903* (Rizzoli. 100 color, 312 black-and-white illustrations. 320 pp. $125), an anthology of the magazine *Ver Sacrum,* published by the Austrian modernists. Nebehay reprints in facsimile an abundance of designs, made originally for reproduction by such artists as Josef Hoffmann, Gustav Klimt, K. Moser, Otto Wagner and others. It is a superb inventory of the Viennese form-sense: there is the endlessly supple Art Nouveau curve which, in one direction, turns into ebullient female imagery, but in terms of ornament has a harder, more geometric undercurrent than in France (the Metro) or America (Tiffany). Viennese Art Nouveau moves between poles of lyricism and frugality.

An odd development is the reprinting of Howard Hibbard's *Michelangelo: Painter, Sculptor, Architect* (Vendome Press, distributed by The Viking Press. 52 color, 180 black-and-white illustrations. 220 pp. $40), published in 1975 by Penguin as one of those sober and elegant books edited by Hugh Honor and John Fleming. It is now reprinted as a coffeetable book—hard cover, big illustrations, color. One is used to big books becoming smaller books, at which point it is possible to buy them. The movement in the opposite direction will bear watching: you've read the paperback, now see the color plates—from videotape to CinemaScope. It is another example of the fusion of serious text and picture book.

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Barnett Newman by Harold Rosenberg (Harry N. Abrams. 131 color, 139 black-and-white illustrations. 260 pp. $45), is a sumptuous monograph on the most austere of the Field painters: even the black-and-white paintings of "The Stations of the Cross" have been photographed in color. The late Harold Rosenberg presents Newman as "the outstanding metaphysical painter of the postwar era." He has written an essay of 11,000 words or so which dismisses as academic the procedures of art history, but expands art criticism in its celebratory mode to uncompromising lengths. The reproductions of nuanced monochrome paintings are first-rate, the point by point matching often close enough to preserve the aura of the originals. The same cannot be said of the illustrations of *Arcimboldo the Marvelous* by Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues (Harry N. Abrams. 46 color, 6 black-and-white illustrations. 128 pp. $28.50), which are printed against black. The conglomerate heads—Winter made up of a gnarled tree stump, Summer of rosy fruits and vegetables—are made to look merely spooky. The design devices obliterate the works' solidity as paintings, making them look like ads in a glossy magazine.

American Realism by Francois Mathey. (Skira/Rizzoli. 70 color, 100 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. $50), with its large page size and handsome reproductions, is a good example of the traditional picture book in which discourse is subordinate to images. Francois Mathey (doing the kind of bland text one associates with Jean Leymarie) traces the sense of fact, from itinerant primitive portraiture to Photo-Realism, smoothly slipping from neat detail to high-level generalization. Panoramic rambles of this sort are in opposition to the tendency toward finer and firmer distinctions in art books. For example, Jean Clay's *Modern Art 1890-1918* (Vendome Press, distributed by The Viking Press. 347 color, 157 black-and-white illustrations. 320 pp. $45), though it keeps extending the cut-off date, is highly specific. Clay posits six characteristics of the art of the period: intense color, departures from Renaissance anatomy, fragmentation of whole objects, frontality, the incorporation of real objects into painting and the illusion of movement. Using these topics he has compiled a galaxy of illustrations that really conveys the driving energy of early 20th-century art on a broader than usual stylistic front. The writing is crisp: he describes the car ride in Marinetti's "Founding Manifesto of Futurism" as Rimbaud's "Le Bateau Ivre,'. . for the Fiat Period."

Meyer Schapiro has a singular importance as an art historian intimate with the practice of modern art, especially that of the Abstract Expressionists. However, the second volume of his selected papers, *Modern Art: 19th and 20th Centuries* (George Braziller. 16 color, 99 black-and-white illustrations. 278 pp. $20), does not have the impact of the first volume on Romanesque art. Some of the pieces are classics, most of them illuminating but, perhaps because of a forty-year range of publishing dates, the effect is scrappy. Some of what he has to say here has been said more fully in his introductory texts to books on Van Gogh and Cezanne. The earliest essay "The Nature of Abstract Art," a critique of Alfred Barr's *Cubism and Abstract Art*, is as good now as it was in 1937. Compared to this rigorous early article, in which Schapiro insisted on social and historical context, his later piece, published as "The Liberating Quality of the Avant Garde," in 1957, now called "Recent Abstract Art," has comparatively little to say. Abstract artists are praised for their defense of the handmade artifact in an age of mass production; this is a bit thin.

But Schapiro's essay on the Armory Show is a model of extensive coverage, of total attention. His fruitful early linking of Impressionism and abstract painting continues to yield rich meaning, as in the latest piece in the book, on Mondrian in relation to his non-abstract predecessors, but such continuities, such underlying themes, are less evident than one might expect. The scattered occasions on which the pieces were written make the book choppy, though everyone will be glad of easy access to a group of basic texts.

Irving Sandler's *The New York School: The Painters and Sculptors of the Fifties* (Harper & Row. 8 color, 225 black-and-white illustrations. 366 pp. $29.95), is a long-delayed book, conceived originally as a history of the Club, that coalition of first- and second- generation Abstract Expressionists who started meeting on Fridays in 1949. The first version turned into Sandler's successful *Triumph of American Painting* (1970), devoted to the first generation. The present book returns to his original project, but is expanded to a history of downtown art. He prudently presented *Triumph* as a series of monographs, one artist to a chapter, thus avioding the wrath of living senior artists engaged in the defense of their intentions and chronologies. In the new book, however, Sandler is dealing in close-up with groups as well as individuals, and the details of interactions have a convincing air. He is concerned essentially with the trend that Clement Greenberg tried to expunge, that of gestural, painterly artists who derived from, or were compatible with, Willem de Kooning, the nature of whose dominance in the 1950s could have been discussed at greater length.

Octavio Paz, a poet known for his interdisciplinary interests, writes in detail on Marcel Duchamp, in a book that takes the artist's name. *Marcel Duchamp* (The Viking Press. 17 black-and-white illustrations. 212 pp. $10.95), consists of two texts: the first is taken from *Marcel Duchamp or the Castle of Purity* (1970), the other was written for Duchamp's retrospective exhibition of 1973. The first concentrates on the early major work "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even," the second on the late work, "Given." Paz has not shirked his art history, but the real point of his book is to claim Duchamp for humanism, taking the artist's erotics out of obscurantism into tradition, as he discovers references to courtly love and to the myth of Diana and Actaeon. Paz's writing includes felicities like: "The Readymade has been his Diogenes' barrel."

The Charles Eastlake of *Sir Charles Eastlake and the Victorian Art World* by David Robertson (Princeton University Press. 2 color, 200 black-and-white illustrations. 468 pp. $50), is not the Eastlake known in the United States as a reformer of 19th-century furniture design. This Eastlake, uncle to the other, was a champion of enlightened official art. He was a painter of Italian landscape and sensitive history pictures, president of the Royal Academy, the first director of the National Gallery, London, and a collector. Robertson describes his book not as straight art history but as "a piece of cultural history with a biographical center." The form works admirably, enabling him to reconstruct the interplay of individuals and institutions, not excluding, to quote one chapter title, "Tribulations of the Artist as Public Servant." Public duty and personal creativity, their conflicts and accommodations, are fascinatingly recorded. We need more studies of the entity called the art world, the area in which art and public interact.

The Legacy of Mark Rothko by Lee Seldes (Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 30 black-and-white illustrations. 372 pp. $14.95), deals with another art world in a different way. It is a reporter's account of the trial in which Rothko's daughter sued the executors of her father's estate for their sellout to the Marlborough Gallery. She won, and the head of the Marlborough, Frank Lloyd, now has to stay out of the United States because of criminal charges arising from the case, though his gallery is still in business on 57th Street. Seldes gives an unusually candid picture of an unusually mendacious gallery; she implies that this is what the art world is really like. This is like condemning horse racing because

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one trainer drugged his horses. Her villain, with good reason, is Bernard Reis, who died earlier this month. He was Rothko's accountant and adviser, then his executor, but he was also an officer of the Marlborough Gallery, moving Rothkos from his right hand to his left—cheap. How was Reis able to do this? Partly because during the artist's life Rothko's vanity, manifesting itself as insecurity and self-doubt, insatiable for the propitiation of others, set him up for a friend like Reis.

The 1970s have been rich in well-photographed demonstrations and promptly Xeroxed public letters, in which museums and galleries are vilified. A number of collections of such accusatory documents have been published: the latest is *GAAG: The Guerrilla Art Action Group 1969-1976* (Printed Matter Inc. Copious illustrations. Unpaginated. $12.50). This group was run by a couple of gentle fellows, Jon Hendricks and Jean Toche, whose parodies of urban guerrilla activity looked violent: public events with plenty of bottled blood and inflammatory literature. It was the latter that destroyed the group. In a public letter, Toche called "for the KIDNAPPING of museums' trustees, museums' directors" etc., "to be held as WAR HOSTAGES" for the release of Tony Shafrazi, the man who defaced Picasso's Guernica." A potential hostage, Metropolitan Museum trustee C. Douglas Dillon, called in the FBI, showing that Toche could not count forever on the forbearance of those he abused. □

Publisher's Row: The Fallen List

BOB ABEL

"We are nbt going to lose any of the major books," declared Harvey Shapiro, editor of the Sunday Book Review. . . . *"We feel an obligation to writers and to good books. We don't want to lose the good book. . . ."*
Publisher's Weekly, October 16, 1978

During the Great Newspaper Strike of '78, the book-reading public was kept apprised of best-sellerdom through the good offices of a variety of publications which do not usually provide this information. Then, too, one of the strike-born newspapers, *City News*, provided—half-way through the man-made drought—a Sunday book supplement created by the American Booksellers Association. In that manner a handful of books deemed worthy of critical praise received same. And other local publications increased their book coverage, insuring that the books which were news came to public attention and that the serious readers among us need not suffer any withdrawal symptoms.

But what about the potential commercial blockbusters, the titles which—in publishing argot—"pay for the good books"? Moreover, in this age of consumerism, what of the public starved for mindless entertainment and constant self-aggrandizement?

In the interest of mass culture, therefore, we are privileged to supply this audience—for whom critics are anathemas—with the news of some of the nourishing books that were published, unheralded, unadvertised, and quite likely unloved, during the strike.

Hard-cover Fiction: *Rubles* by Judith Hunch (Groan, $10.95). A female commissar uses her Swiss bankroll and stunning Georgian looks to bring new life to the party/ *The Bratwurst Factor* by Robert Lugerlamb (Patman, Wright, $9.95). A neo-Nazi plot to take over the *Oktoberfest*/ *The Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Deadly Sins* by Laurence Flanders (Tabernacle, $10). The extremes of Ambivalence, Indecision and Procrastination are deftly illumined/ *Saturday, The Rabbi Waited Until After Sundown* by Cary Hemelman (Harpoon & Rod, $8.95). No crime solving on *Shabbas* but the brazen thief stole the brunch again the next day/ *Mons Venus* by Harriet Ellison (Dewars/Del Monte, $9.95). Erotic "memoirs," presumably autobiographical, of a fabled science-fiction writer. And *Delusions* by Jon Sebastian Bach (Fountainhead/East River $12.95). A seagull, part of a barnstorming troupe, sets out across America to find a repertory theatre, and barely makes Cleveland.

Hard-cover Nonfiction: *Guilt Without Sex* by Dr. Albert Helix (Giles Steward, $14.25 until Christmas, $14.50 thereafter). The answer to just about everything/ *Small Is Not Better* by Stephan D. Unleavy. (Tax Shelter Press, $12.95). Local newsman, on leave from his paper during the strike, produces an "instant expose" of life in Liechtenstein, Monaco and San Marino/ *Melancholy Bebe* by R.M. Nixon (Florida & Fauna, $19.95). Mr. Nixon takes a respite between his looking back and forward to scribe the biography of his closest friend. Full of affection and *j'accus*isms/ *If You've Got It, Flaunt It* by Mercedes Bentzed (Privately published, $65 until Christmas, $125 thereafter). Self-congratulatory nosegay to owners of elite autos/ *I'm O.K., You're Unpredictable* by Tovarich Harrass, M.D. (Scrivener's, $9.95). Famed Transactional therapist hedges his bets/ *The Inner Game of Croquet* by Wendell D. Mallet, Ph.D. (Stein & Nightshade, $15). Long-neglected family sport is given a spiritual infusion. Lavishly illustrated, with diagrams/ *Was Agatha Christie Really Raymond Chandler?* by Hercule Maigret. (Datsun, Meade, $7.95). Slim volume—a best seller in France—offers yet another hypothesis about the missing period in the English author's life/ *Wee Ones, Wild and Wonderful* by Galileo Mahatma Einstein, Ph.D. (Arch. $14.95). Noted U. of Bridgeport microbiologist rhapsodizes about the extraordinary organisms he has encountered during seven decades of research into yogurt cultures. And *After Open Marriage—and Beyond* by Drs. Tatum and Ryan O'Neill (Casual Arts, $12.95). Guide for divorced couples considering remarriage.

Trade Paperbacks: *Self-Love* by Dr. Comfort Stanchion (Borough, Hall, $12.95). In times of stress, boredom, *whatever*, do it yourself/ *Lynda Goodwill's Sun Strokes: An Astrological Guide to More Fulfilling Tennis* by Lynda Goodwill (Stroke & Strive, $6.50). Don't try to play if the weather report even hints at a shady day/ *Inside The Dallas Cowgirls Revealed* by the Dallas Cowgirls with Clifford Ervine (S&M, $8.75). Fan-pleasing cheerleading, from the pros right smack down to the Pop Warner level. This is *some* kind of book—for voyeurs/ *Jog Yourself to Sleep* by Dr. Hale Fellah (Shuster & Siegel, $10.95). The Ultimate Solution—to galloping insomnia/ *Creative Puberty* by Brooke Prolaxis, Ph.D. (Ardor House, $9.95). Out of the training bra and into the crucible of teendom. And *Your Death Contract Is Not Negotiable* by Forbes Barron (U. of Southwestern State Press, $13.75). Another look at death studies, this one with a business-as-usual approach.

Mass Market Paperbacks (Fiction):

Bob Abel's last full-time association with book publishing was in 1975, when he was executive editor of Warner Books. His two favorite authors there were Xaviera Hollander and Woodward-Bernstein.

COMING SOON

Marshall Berman describing the current fate of Karl Marx's ideas in "Karl Marx: The Dancer and the Dance"; also, an essay on the poetry of Czeslaw Milosz: "The Poetry of Aftermath" by Terrence Des Pres.

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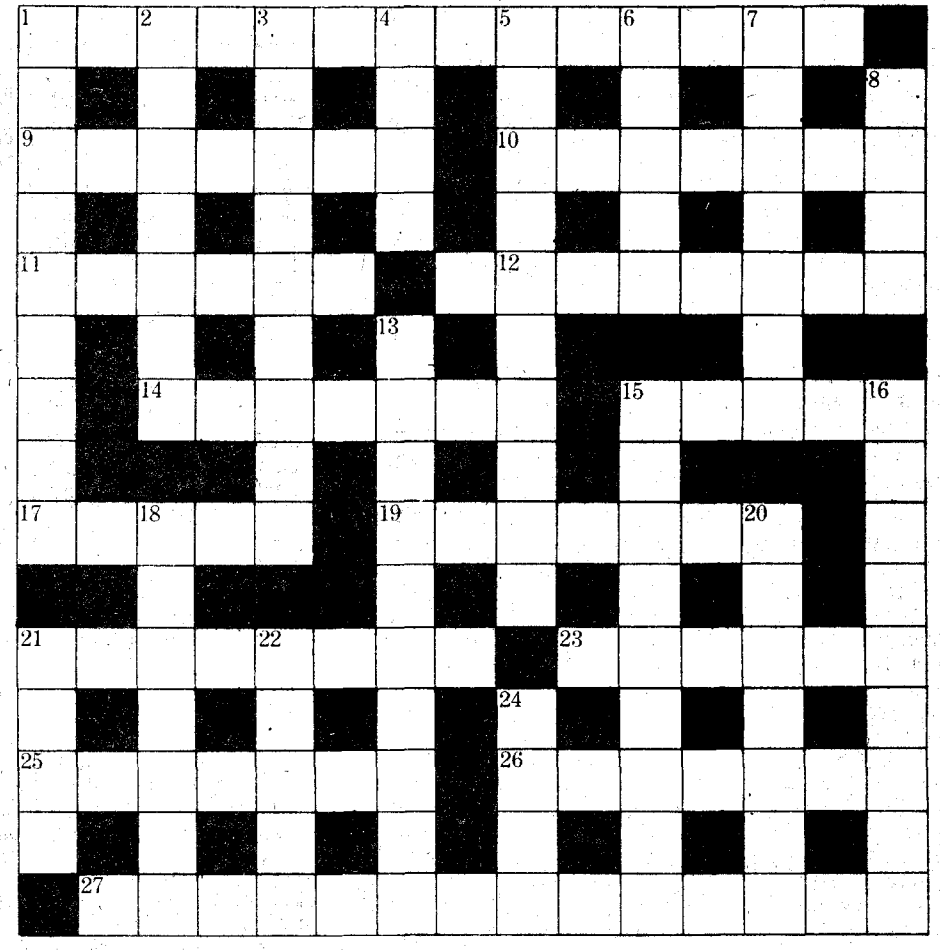
Love's Sweet Savage Jaws by Kathleen Willothewisp. (Maver, $2.50). Ambivalent post-bellum saga of Boston Brahmin-born belle who consorts with notorious carpetbagger named Writ Butler and enjoys herself indecently, but who marries boy accountant back on Beacon Hill whom everyone, the author included, agrees is a churlish drone. Something of a watershed book, with its neo-realistic finish/ *Schmatah* by Belle Bloodline (Delphi, $2.75). A sprawling garment district family saga (1897-98; 1919-21; 1926-27; 1931-33; 1935-40; 1976-77; 2024-3056)/ *Forever Amber II* by Katherine Windsoar (PAL, $2.75). Amber St. Claire didn't live happily ever after but she made up for the arid years with relentless foreplay and considerable extramarital manipulation/ *One Man's Familias* by Leonore Flight-Pattern (Peak, $2.25). The first radio revival mini-series, a crucial weekend in the life of the Barber *paterfamilias*, involving whether or not to listen to Fred Allen *after* Jack Benny. Surprisingly gripping/ *The Movie Set* by Rhoda Haberman (Top Rank, $2.25). A new (low) level for *roman a clef*dom. More than you'd ever want to know about people you'd never want to know/ *Copper Heads* by Joseph Wampum (Picket, $2.50). Small-town police, jealous of fun their TV counterparts have, go on an anti-crime binge. Book has been enjoined in a number of communities by local PBA groups. And *Forever Is Not Endless* by Ellena Von Site (Perennial, $2.95). Right. Forever is a terminal state in this instance.

Mass Market Paperbacks (Nonfiction): *Pull Up Your Own Pampers* by Dr. Wain Diehart (Classics, $1.95). Pediatrician offers hyper-folksy approach to taking early charge of your destiny/ *The Bermuda Hexagon* by Charles Biarritz (Sunflower, $4.25). Earlier mysteries expanded two-fold/ *The Paupers' Almanac* by the Editors of *Consumer Power* (Dewar's, $2.50). Guide to freebies, handouts, best places to shoplift. Comprehensive, slightly criminal/ *BM* by Dr. 'X' (PAL, $2.50). Assertiveness training for the anal retentive/ *The Men's Room* by "John Smith" (Freehandle, $2.95). Tawdry expose of one-john stands. And *The Complete Guide to Sedentary Pleasures* by Archibald Bunker (Manner, $2.50). How to drink, snack, enjoy TV, become the complete armchair athlete.

Consumer Beware Department: *The Polish Prelate* (formerly *Iron Curtain Cardinal*) by Earle Stanley Kowalski (just reissued by Bellweather, $2.75), is *not* about the new Pope. It's one of the Polific wordslinger's "Father Brownski"mysteries published during the cold-war era. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1754

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Did they anticipate trouble brewing here? (A participant was made to seem brave.) (6,3-5)
9 and 24 down Not Renoir's biography—just music by Strauss. (7,4)
10 Once more to come back to god—with a big drop of water. (7)
11 Are the makings different if you do it with left-over food? (6)
12 Day-break around the peak, in a sense. (Such a job to recommend!) (8)
14 The French gentleman who gets married might be an asset in an automobile. (3-4)
15 It's to make one famous for a farewell song. (5)
17 Act devilish? (Try at this.) (5)
19 See 8 down
21 You have to be good to shoot this. (So you should feel badly!) (5,3)
23 See 21 down
25 A bad driver came this way. (7)
26 In a way, is the ironer about right? Wrong! (2,5)
27 He made Tristram to sound like a saint getting strict. (8,6)

DOWN

1 Is one of a famous trio correct to point the way for conservatives? (4,5)
2 What Shakespeare's second age carried let cash out of it. (7)
3 Part of a person's laugh tempers an attack of it. (9)
4 Work, obviously, by Cowper. (4)
5 The extremes of 25 fully represented. (4,6)
6 Reclamation, in part, of a violin maker. (5)
7 Bad poets at 1 across didn't use them. (7)
8 and 19 across Should a woman be able to count on what she bakes? (11)
13 Is this one reason flowers grow high? (4,6)
15 What's the matter, net product? Sewage plants give it! (9)
16 Many former military types are. (It might be prudent to hold a little something so.) (2,7)
18 The sort of alarm that brings up first-class trouble, caused by a bite. (7)
20 One who gets more safe? (7)
21 and 23 across The things some women wear, with lots of things people sometimes get down to. (5,5)
22 One might say goodbye and become unsteady. (5)
24 See 9 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1753

ACROSS: 1 and 7 down A shot in the arm; 4 Assertion; 11 Concordat; 12 Opera; 13 Finisterre; 17 Professing; 21 Credo; 22 Armed band; 23, 9 and 10 Like a fish out of water; 24 Llewellyn; 25 Senoritas; 26 Titus. DOWN: 1 Affect; 2 Hosing; 3 Took on; 4 A Study in Scarlet; 5 Safety in numbers; 6 Rowboats; 8 Narrated; 14 Spicules; 15 Moleskin; 16 Debonair; 18 Advent; 19 Ballet; 20 Adonis.

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